The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH ADVANCE

The Allies have taken the offensive. That in a few words is the meaning of the fierce, irresistible drives and gains on the western war lines by the French and British which began on Saturday, September 25, and are still continuing, as we write, on September 29. The gains in German trenches taken and still held are important in extent when it is considered that this kind of trench attack is an almost foot-by-foot matter, quite different from the open field operations going on in Russia; after the fighting in the Champagne district of September 25 and 26, for instance, the French claimed to have driven the Germans back for two and a half miles along a front of fifteen miles. The number of unwounded German prisoners reported by the French to have been taken in the same time was 20,000—a proportionately remarkably large number. And on September 29 the French War Office estimated the total German losses as 120,000 killed, wounded, or captured.

Important as are the gains, the reason that the news has caused rejoicing and exultation among the Allies and their friends is the proof it gives that the long, weary months of waiting on the defensive are over; that men and munitions and all that goes to make preparedness complete are now ready for attack and action. Nothing like this in aggressiveness has been reported since the Battle of the Marne, when Germany was thrown back from her onslaught upon Paris, and the only engagements in any way comparable to last week's assaults were the far less extended and less general attacks on Neuve Chapelle and Hill No. 60 last spring. The moral effect in encouragement and hopefulness has been even greater than the military gain, and, conversely, the Allies' enemy is faced with the necessity of maintaining a stouter defense on its western line than has been called for the past year.

The Allies' attack was made at several points in the two-hundred-mile line of opposing trenches which reaches, first, westward from Verdun, passing Rheims to the north, to Soissons (the nearest point to Paris), there turning northward and running through Arras, La Bassée, Ypres, and so on to the North Sea. For days before the actual attack there was a terrific bombardment by the Allies' guns all along the line, so that the Germans, who well knew that an attack was imminent somewhere, could not locate the real danger points. Then followed, as is the invariable method in the trench attack, a concentrated fire of shrapnel and high explosive shells upon the selected points; and, finally, the desperate and deadly charge of the infantry upon the enemy's position thus "prepared." The cold steel played an important part in these charges; it has long been evident that those who supposed that individual fighting by the private soldier had become a thing of the past were mightily mistaken.

On the eastern part of the line, in the Champagne district, west and south of Verdun, the French made their strongest attack and their greatest gains; a counter-attack from the German Crown Prince's army followed, but in the main the French appear to have held their advance. In the district of the Argonne Forest the French also accomplished a great deal of value. The other most important center of fighting was in the vicinity of Arras—that is, in the central part of that section of the opposing trenches which runs south from Ostend to Soissons. Here, at Souchez, and in the "Labyrinth" they made great gains. North of Arras are the British forces, and they not only cooperated with the French, but made by themselves valiant attacks at La Bassée and on Loos with such effect that it seems that the city of Lille itself is in some danger; on September 29 London reports that around Loos the British were in the third line of German trenches, and had taken 3,000 prisoners, 21 field guns, and 40 machine guns.

It is too early as we write to estimate the exact effects of this wide push forward; a despatch from Paris published on September

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29 says that the results are far in advance of expectations, but both Paris and London censors are cautious about allowing detailed accounts to pass. German statements of course minimize the results, and claim that no substantial retreat has been made; but a German paper, the "Frankfurter Zeitung," admits that "on the western front a storm has burst which exceeds in violence everything that has so far happened in this war."

THE EASTERN BATTLE FRONTS

The week here considered (September 22 to September 29) has not produced decisive or spectacular results in the Russian war field, although the fighting continues stubbornly. Whether this relative quiescence represents one of those periods of preparation and reforming of plans which have always followed Germany's heaviest blows in Russia, or whether it denotes a stiffening of the Russian defense, is open to question, but with some strong indications of the latter. For instance, the Russians in the far southeastern campaign not only continued to hold their own against the Austro-Germans, but have made some gains; farther north, in Volhynia, they not only checked General von Linsingen but actually captured the important town of Lutsk, only, however, to see it recaptured a few days later. Still farther north General von Mackensen seems to have been stationary in the Pripet marshes. Even at Dvinsk, to capture which is evidently the Germans' next objective (in order to gain control of the railways running from it to Riga, Petrograd, and east and south), the Russians have made a strong defense, and it is holding out longer than was expected against General von Hindenburg's repeated and tremendous attacks. From Riga comes a queer tale of German land forces having been repulsed by the fire of Russian war-ships—queer, because Germany is not supposed to have drawn close enough to Riga to make it possible. For the same reason the story of fighting near Minsk and a Russian repulse seems doubtful, for Minsk is supposedly far east of the German advance line.

In the Dardanelles, also, no decisive actions happened in this week. If it is true, as a Berlin despatch lately stated, that 110,000 reinforcements for the Allies have been landed on Lemnos Island in the Ægean, a renewed attack may be looked for. It has been surmised by some military critics that these forces may be those Italian troops which a month or more ago set sail under sealed orders from Brindisi and other Italian ports. Italy's own campaign against Austria has had no striking developments in the week on either of its fronts. By an accidental explosion on the Italian battle-ship Benedetto Brin at Brindisi three hundred men were killed.

THE TROUBLED BALKANS

The mobilization in Bulgaria reported last week was quickly followed by a similar step on the part of Greece. Since then the various Balkan Powers have been largely occupied in deprecating the drawing of hasty conclusions from these apparently threatening moves. One apparently semi-official despatch went so far as to intimate that Bulgaria's act was really in preparation to repel possible Teutonic invasion! The real tension is between Servia and Bulgaria, and if Bulgaria finally plunges into the diplomatic Teutonic arms her first move will doubtless be an attack upon Servia. Berlin last Wednesday cabled that British and French troops have been landed at Salonika; and Athens cabled that 300,000 Teutonic soldiers were advancing on Servia. Both reports may be rumors only. As between Greece and Bulgaria a neutral zone is to be established, according to Athens despatches. Bulgarian reservists in America have been summoned. Greece is said to have a war strength of 300,000, Rumania and Bulgaria each about 400,000. Practically all three are now on a basis of armed neutrality, anxious as to what their national futures will be after the war, and naturally reluctant to commit themselves to the losing party in the great war. Bulgaria feels most strongly, because she considers that she was cheated in the territorial division after the Balkan wars.

In the British Parliament last week the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, declared impressively that if Bulgaria should assume an aggressive attitude on the side of Great Britain's enemies "we are prepared to give our allies in the Balkans all the support in our power." His general statement of the Balkan situation is so fundamental that we quote it at some length:

> The policy of Germany has been to create for her own purposes disunion and war among the Balkan States. She made use of Austria-Hungary to precipitate the European war, with the result that that Empire is completely

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subordinated to Germany and dependent upon her.

Turkey, whose interests would have been preserved if she had remained neutral, has been gratuitously forced by Germany into this war, and is now being subordinated and made dependent on Germany in order to realize Germany's aspirations and extend her influence from Berlin to Bagdad.

In the same way, it would naturally be Germany's policy so to use any of the Balkan States, with the inevitable result that that State eventually would be subordinated to her and that, though territorial gains might be promised, she would lose her independence.

This is directly contrary to the policy of the Allies, which is to further the national aspirations of the Balkan States without sacrificing the independence of any of them.

GERMANY AND AMERICA

Two weeks ago we were told by despatches that Herr von Jagow's "conciliatory and optimistic" interview had given President Wilson new hope of a settlement of outstanding questions about submarine warfare. Up to this writing, however, no official assurance has come from Germany as to the Arabic or as to just what Germany proposes to do to prevent "liners" from being torpedoed by submarine captains who do not approve of the way the liners act, much less as to what is to be done to prevent the lives of Americans (to say nothing of other non-combatants) from being "put in jeopardy" on merchant vessels not liners—a very important matter which unhappily seems to have received as little attention at Washington as at Berlin.

What is regarded as hopeful is the "semi-official" announcement at Berlin that submarines must let liners escape when in doubt about their intentions; certain changes in the German Admiralty Board, which indicate a more humane policy than that of Admiral von Tirpitz; and a conciliatory note as regards the American sailing ship William P. Frye, long ago destroyed by a German ship. This last promises to abstain from sinking American ships carrying conditional contraband goods, but not those carrying absolute contraband. It may be added that there is now very little conditional contraband afloat. It is thus, like the German submarine "concessions," rather a partial limitation of the right to act wrongly than a recognition of the principles advanced by us.

As time passes, week by week, Americans should not forget that their Government has received no official recognition from Germany of the principle that President Wilson has in an official note well stated in these words: "The lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman."

DR. DERNBURG RECOGNIZES SOME FACTS

When Dr. Bernhard Dernburg was in this country and was considered to be a sort of unofficial mouthpiece for Germany, he did not gain friends for his cause, and neither tact nor moderation marked his utterances. He seems to have reached a better understanding of some essential facts about Germany's relations to the rest of the world, if we may judge from a recent address made by him in Berlin and reported in the "Berliner Tageblatt." He says, plainly, "Germany has few friends in the world. The sentiment in South America is divided, and the actual neutrality of North America is doubtful." Trade and friendship in South America must be sought by Germany, he declares, but "we have not understood the psychology of the South Americans, and not the South Americans alone, and therefore we find too few friends among the neutrals. It is a mistake to say that merely envy and ill will are to blame for this, for we ourselves have frequently insulted this psychology by our methods." Then follows advice based on a recognition of the fact that, while Germany's energy is remarkable, "the Latins and Anglo-Saxon races do not like it." The conclusion is that "the less self-exaltation, the more friends we shall win," and that Germans must not "figure tactlessly as superior." In short, Dr. Dernburg now sees that arbitrary and dictatorial national conduct is injurious as well as offensive. There is conclusive evidence that a large number of German thinkers are of the same frame of mind and are admitting that the war is due to Germany's attempt to apply autocracy in the affairs of other nations.

A CLOSED INCIDENT

Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, recently involved in a series of distinctly undiplomatic enterprises which were disclosed by the capture of his despatches on the person of an American war correspondent, has

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been definitely recalled. It was Dr. Dumba's expectation and hope that he might be relieved from the humiliation of a direct recall by means of an order from his Government to report at Vienna on leave of absence. Considering the seriousness of Dr. Dumba's offense against the hospitality of the country to which he had been accredited, our Government was entirely justified in insisting upon the definite termination of his mission to the United States.

The Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary has now assured Ambassador Penfield as to the finality of Dr. Dumba's recall. It would have been a graceful act if these assurances had been accompanied by an expression of regret for Dr. Dumba's offenses against the hospitality of the United States. Our Department of State has requested that the British and French Embassies here provide a safe conduct for Ambassador Dumba, and it is now announced that the courtesy will be accorded.

The fate of Dr. Dumba should be an adequate warning to any other foreign agents who may be tempted to overstep the proper bounds of diplomatic conduct. The incident has been closed with entire credit to the Administration.

OVERSEAS TRUSTS

Last week it was announced that Norway had followed the lead of Holland and Denmark in establishing an Overseas Trust.

Some time ago a Netherlands Overseas Trust was established in Holland, and was recognized by both the British and German Governments. They permit certain contraband goods to be transported to Holland if addressed in care of the "N. O. T.," which guarantees that no such goods will find their way into belligerent countries. Before the trust came into being all mercantile vessels could be detained on suspicion of contraband. About fifteen thousand sea vessels enter the Dutch ports every year. The Dutch were in dismay. In order to keep up their own normal conditions of trade and transportation they devised this means to prevent unnecessary delay of vessels, to reduce the difficulties which the various industries depending upon the regular arrival of raw materials experienced, and, finally, to assure the adequate supply of foodstuffs for home consumption.

The importer must declare under oath that he is neither an agent of a belligerent state nor in any manner or shape connected with one; that the products manufactured from the imported materials are intended exclusively for home consumption or for re-export to the Dutch colonies or the country of origin. In addition to this, security is required. In case of non-fulfillment the security is forfeited. If there is the slightest suspicion of fraud, the N. O. T. has the privilege of examining the importer's books, has the right of seizure, and even of confiscation.

To assure the faithful discharge of the obligations assumed by the N. O. T. toward the belligerent Powers, some four hundred officials and subordinate employees are busy. The heavy working expenses are covered by a special tax of one-eighth of one per cent of the value of the goods imported, any surplus income going to the Royal National Relief Committee. The higher officials of the N. O. T. receive no remuneration.

The N. O. T. principle was later imitated in Denmark under the control of the Merchants' Guild, and now that Norway has followed the example Sweden may also. In any case, the movement marks the high degree of confidence in mercantile honor which may be awakened, war or no war.

AN ITALIAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS

A recent number of the London "Nation" contains a letter to the editor from Lieutenant Domenico Palazzoli, of the Italian army. It indicates what an Italian officer thinks of the ability of the enemy's forces and of those of his own country. Of the war itself he says:

> Ours is a war of eagles. . . . We are fighting at an altitude of six thousand feet. The majestic Alps are our battlefield. From valley to valley, from one summit to another, in the air, in the sky, the war thunders forth, and, shaken by its fury, the great mountains seem to utter sobs of pain. A Dante, a Shakespeare, alone could represent the tremendous scene in all its awful grandeur.

Of the Austrians he writes:

> We sleep but little; even our brief rest is broken by Austrian guns, and fighting goes on by night as well as by day. The Austrians are hard fighters; they are indefatigable; they employ their artillery well; they occupy formidable positions. They had studied carefully every detail, and possess a perfected technical machine which is the result of decades of scientific preparation. One thing, and one thing alone, has Austria achieved well—her organization for a war with Italy.

Of his own men we read, and this is inter-

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esting in connection with the illustration of Italian mountain troops on another page:

What can I say of our soldiers, of our Alpini? . . . Their steadfastness, their tenacity, their spirit of sacrifice, are unparalleled. We have been fighting since the outbreak of hostilities without a day's repose. . . . A few days ago I and my company of Alpini executed a toilsome ascent of nine hours amid towering rocks. We had taken nothing but a little coffee, and when we reached the appointed place we attacked the Austrians with the bayonet without even five minutes' rest, for the military situation did not allow it. The enemy held positions above us; they fired on us from behind their intrenchments. But my soldiers, despite their fatigue, flung themselves with irresistible ardor on the Austrians. They dislodged the Austrians from their hiding-places, put them to flight, and intrenched themselves in impregnable positions. We suffered most grievous losses. My heroic battalion was decimated, and I cannot describe to you my grief at the loss of my soldiers, many of whom were fathers of large families, and all emigrants—men of lowly condition who had returned to fight for Italy. But we shall avenge our dead, and they will live eternally in the grateful memory of our people.

THE GERMAN LOAN

Germany has just successfully floated another war loan. It amounts to three billion dollars, or six times the amount of the loan negotiated in this country by the Anglo-French Commission. The Kaiser has hailed the success of this loan as an indication of Germany's wealth, staying power, and ability to defeat her enemies. On the surface it may look as if Germany were six times as well off as the Allies, but a little analysis will show that such deductions are wholly erroneous.

No more bread, wheat, clothing, munitions, or other merchandise have been brought into Germany by the negotiation of this great war loan than were in Germany before. In other words, she is not a penny richer in goods than she was before the loan was made. What the loan does indicate is that the German people are practically united in their support of the war and in their faith in the Government. They are willing to sell their cattle, munitions, shoes, and goods to the Government and take the Government's promise to pay in the form of new bonds. Even if some of the bonds are paid for in gold hoarded by individuals, that gold cannot be used by the German Government to buy goods and merchandise from foreign countries, since Germany is practically under an absolute blockade.

On the other hand, France and England can use their loan negotiated in this country to buy goods which they would not otherwise have obtained, and they are therefore actually richer in food and the like by half a billion dollars, while Germany is not a whit richer than she was before.

THE BRITISH BUDGET

Although the Germans are justified in regarding their domestic loan of three billion dollars as an indication of a united Germany, the English are equally justified in regarding the new British Budget submitted by Mr. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a manifestation of united Britain. It includes the largest figures ever mentioned in State finance, and is to provide not only for the largest revenue ever raised by any country, but also at the highest rate of contribution.

In the first place, the income tax is to stand at five times the maximum rate before the war. The basis of the British income tax has been to include all annual incomes over $800. This basis is now lowered to $650. The tax rests with increasing power upon increasing wealth, and this principle is now to be so emphasized that the man who earns, say, $1,000 a year must pay $50 income tax, but the man who earns $2,000 must pay a greater proportional rate, namely, $140. The increase in rates is so accentuated that a man with $25,000 income must pay $5,145 income tax, and if there is a multi-millionaire with $500,000 income, he must pay $170,000 tax. Thus wealth has to bear, as it should, a progressive taxation rate. And especially in war-time the greater part of the burden should fall on the rich, not on the poor.

This is the chief thing in the Budget, but there is also to be another important source from wealth, namely, half of all war profits above the amount assessed for last year's income tax. Another revenue from wealth will come in the imposition of a duty of 33⅓ per cent ad valorem on certain articles not of absolute necessity, as automobiles, bicycles, motion-picture films, clocks, watches, musical instruments, and plate glass—again an indication of the greater burden wealth must bear. But the poor man does not escape, for there is to be some increased taxation on articles of necessity, such as sugar, tea, coffee, and chicory. Tobacco will cost fifty cents a pound more. One cent postage is to be abolished,

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and the weight carried for two cents greatly reduced. The cost of telegrams is to be increased by half, and there is to be a proportionate increase in telephone charges.

Though these demands are unprecedented, they are not above the nation's wealth. Their moral and sustaining effect on British credit should be apparent, we believe, especially as Great Britain is the only belligerent power which has amply provided for interest on the new war debts and a sinking fund for their redemption. Such finance, added to the success of the Anglo-French Commission in floating an immense credit in this country, strengthens, not England alone, but her allies as well, and puts them in possession of financial strength far above that possessed by the Teutonic allies, even with the addition of the three-billion-dollar loan successfully floated last week in Berlin.

THE ARMENIAN OUTRAGES

Evidence of terrible Armenian outrages in Turkey continues to grow in volume and authority. It is impossible to disprove such statements as those, for example, which we presented in these pages last week. Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, at first denied that there were any Armenian atrocities whatever, and while he carefully avoided attacking the veracity of the Catholicos, the head of the Armenian Church in Turkey, he asserted that the latter's account of the atrocities could not be relied on because he was writing under the duress of the Russian Government. Now, the Catholicos of the Armenian Church is a prelate of distinction. To accuse him of conniving at false statements under duress is at least undiplomatic and indicates how little Count Bernstorff respects the Armenian Church. He would hardly think of accusing the Pope of making false statements of atrocities in Italy under Italian duress. Great Christian prelates do not so conduct themselves, and it is unpardonable for so accomplished a diplomat as Count Bernstorff to make such a statement.

The German Ambassador has now modified his attitude, and says that the reports are "greatly exaggerated." He does not deny that the Turks have imposed severe punishments upon the Armenians, but says that this has been called down upon them by their own rebellious activities. A Turkish-American writes an interesting letter to the "Evening Sun," of New York, in which he asserts that the requirements of military efficiency have demanded that unflinching measures be taken against the Armenians on the ground that they are traitorous. His argument is as follows:

> It must be remembered in the time of war, when a nation is struggling for its existence, measures which ordinarily are considered as strict become permissible and imperative. Thus we see that Baron Bissing, a wealthy British subject of German extraction, is sent to the workhouse for no reason outside of a probable sympathy with Germany. Turks have found that the Armenians of Van district have actually gone into the enemy's camp or have helped to facilitate the invasion of the enemy.

There would be some ground for this position if individual Armenians, proved to be traitors, were incarcerated in prisons or in detention camps; but when thousands of Armenians, including women and children, are killed, starved, and outraged, such explanations as those of Count Bernstorff or Mr. Djevad Eyoub—the Turkish-American from whose letter we quote—are no explanations at all. Lord Bryce says over his own name that in Trebizond many hundreds of Armenians, including men, women, and children, were driven by Turkish troops into the sea and drowned. Would Mr. Eyoub or Count Bernstorff compare this to imprisonment in a concentration camp or defend it as being the necessary treatment of traitors in war?

NEW YORK CITY'S SUBWAY DISASTERS

Manhattan Island hangs like a tongue in the mouth of New York Harbor. Up and down this strip of rock run the great arteries of traffic of the most important borough of New York City. Hemmed in, as the Borough of Manhattan is, on either side by the East River and the Hudson River, these arteries of traffic furnish the direct means of communication between the business centers of the city at the south and the residential districts at the north. Lining these arteries of traffic solid walls of buildings supply a silent warning to venturesome engineers desirous of exploring the rocky sub-strata of the city. Woven into the surface of these arteries is a fabric of sewers, water mains, gas mains, telephone, telegraph, and electric light wires of baffling complexity. In some places above this surface still other arteries have been erected to carry traffic for which there is no

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room on the earth itself. In still others there already exists a mole-like system of tunnels more extensive than has been constructed in any other city of the world.

This is the situation which confronts the engineers intrusted with the work of enlarging the always inadequate transit facilities of New York City. The earlier subways to which we have referred were built largely by a system of open excavation. The great system of subways now under construction is being built by what is known as the "cut and cover" method, a system which it was hoped would eliminate the great disturbance to traffic occasioned by open excavation in the heart of the great city. To-day miles upon miles of New York City's most populous thoroughfares are nothing but deep pits covered over with planking.

The first serious indication of the difficulties and limitations of the present method came when, on Wednesday, September 23, some four hundred feet of surface on Seventh Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Streets collapsed and carried down into a timber-filled gulf a crowded trolley car and scores of men and women. As a result of this disaster, eight people were killed and many others seriously injured.

Three days later a section of Broadway between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets caved in, dropping an automobile into a forty-foot chasm, killing one woman and endangering the lives of hundreds of pedestrians who made up the Saturday night throng of sightseeing men and women.

The first disaster is generally credited to the upset of defective timbering by a blast of dynamite. The second disaster has been credited to a rock slide such as constantly threatens all engineering work carried on in a geological formation such as is typical of Manhattan Island. Schist, the name of the rock through which the subway is now being excavated, is formed by the alteration of ancient igneous or sedimentary rocks in such a manner that the whole thing becomes thinly laminated and will readily slip along parallel planes. Professor Johnson, of Columbia, writes in the New York "Tribune" concerning this process: "The alteration takes place far below the surface of the earth, under heavy pressure and in the presence of high temperature. As a result of the pressure and probable consequent flowage of the heated mass, the minerals, such as quartz, mica, and feldspar, arrange themselves in approximately parallel bands. If the trench or tunnel is cut in schist in such a position that the splitting planes in the sidewalks dip toward the excavation, much trouble from cave-ins may result." Such was the case in the Broadway tunnel where the second disaster occurred.

As was naturally to be expected, these two serious accidents in the subway have centered the attention of the New York City officials and of the Public Service Commission on the whole problem of subway construction. Steps have been taken which should render the repetition of these disasters, so far as they can be averted, impossible. A rigid inspection of the danger points and a stricter regulation of heavy traffic above the covered excavations will be enforced. In such a great undertaking as building new subways in New York City absolute safety to the public can by no means be guaranteed. But the danger can be minimized, if not entirely eliminated.

NEW YORK'S MUSTER DAY

It is a fairly well recognized fact that seeing is still believing. The importance of military training, the necessity for exhaustive education in the modern and technical branches of the army, can hardly be realized without direct contact with soldiers in action. That is one reason why the rapid mobilization of the nine thousand militia of New York City within the confines of an outlying park on September 25 possessed an educational as well as a military value.

Within Van Cortlandt Park, under the command of Major-General John F. O'Ryan, there assembled representative bodies of practically every branch of the army. Infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery troops, a hospital corps, an engineer corps, a signal battalion, a motor cycle corps, and armored automobiles, all had their places in the military display and the mimic battle which took place before a crowd of more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand citizens of New York City.

As an aid to the individual units of this crowd in their efforts to secure some comprehension of the significance of the maneuvers, each branch of the service had erected a tent at which information could readily be secured. In these various tents, which occupied a line of more than two city blocks, officers and enlisted men were detailed to instruct the public in the facts of military training. Infantry-

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men gave an exhibition of the operation of the service rifle. Coast artillerymen described the working of range-finders, and Signal Service men did what they could to explain the function of the "eyes of the army." A field bakery at one point was in full operation turning out hundreds of loaves of army bread with an efficiency and despatch which attracted unusual attention.

With the handful of regular troops stationed in the coast defense forts which protect the direct approaches to New York City from the sea, the nine thousand militia employed in these maneuvers at Van Cortlandt Park represented practically all the troops available for the protection of the five million people within the metropolitan district. Surely no treasure-chest in the world's history ever boasted such insecurity. The realization of this fact was brought home with striking force to those who lined the great parade ground of Van Cortlandt Park. It is to be regretted that a similar demonstration of our military needs cannot be given to every community in the land.

BUCKET-SHOPS: ATTACKED BY THE STOCK EXCHANGE

The New York Stock Exchange has been the object of a great deal of criticism in the past owing to the fact that its quotations have reached the hands of the "bucket-shops" and similar organizations, and were there made the basis of gambling pure and simple. This criticism is unjustifiable because the New York Stock Exchange has made, and is now making, vigorous efforts to suppress the bucket-shops. Unfortunately, it is meeting some of its most serious obstacles in the legislatures and the courts.

In a recent article in The Outlook Mr. Theodore H. Price, a man experienced in Wall Street matters, asked this question: "Is there any difference between speculation and gambling?" and then, admitting the difficulty of accurate definition, proceeded to differentiate the two admirably by saying: "Speculation presupposes intellectual effort; gambling, blind chance. Speculation is a venture based upon calculation; gambling, a venture without calculation. The law makes this distinction; it sustains speculation and condemns gambling."

A Commission appointed by Governor Hughes in 1908, which included economists, bankers, lawyers, and sociologists, defined bucket-shops as gambling-houses in the following passage:

> Bucket-shops are ostensibly brokerage offices, where, however, commodities and securities are neither bought nor sold in pursuance of customers' orders, the transactions being closed by the payment of gains or losses as determined by price quotations. In other words, they are merely places for the registration of bets or wagers; their machinery is chiefly controlled by the keepers, who can delay or manipulate the quotations at will.

These bucket-shops, of course, can exist only if they obtain telegraphic quotations of the prices of the stocks or other securities in which they gamble. Last February the question was raised in the State of Connecticut and a bill was introduced to compel the telegraph companies to give out Stock Exchange quotations to any one who should sign a contract for them. This bill was manifestly in favor of the bucket-shops. Mr. R. T. H. Halsey, one of the governors of the New York Stock Exchange, appeared before the Connecticut Legislature and made an address protesting against the bill. The interest of the Stock Exchange in fighting bucket-shops is partly altruistic and partly self-interested. The New York Stock Exchange and other similar institutions are legitimate, necessary, and beneficial markets for the sale of securities, but the nefarious and swindling operations of the bucket-shops, through which, as Mr. Halsey said in his address, "the people of the West and the South have been continually preyed upon by promoters of fake mining propositions," bring the legitimate Stock Exchange into disrepute. This is the reason why the Stock Exchange is fighting the bucket-shops, and not, as has been alleged, because the bucket-shop takes away business from Stock Exchange brokers.

BUCKET SHOPS: PROTECTED BY A COURT DECISION

It should be said that the Western Union Telegraph Company has made an honest effort to co-operate with the attempt of the Stock Exchange to suppress bucket-shop gambling. Massachusetts has an intelligent and stringent law by which bucket-shops have practically been put out of business in that State. In the State of New York the Western Union Telegraph Company has tried to deprive bucket-shops of New York Stock Exchange quotations. A temporary injunction against the telegraph company

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was obtained in Buffalo last December by individual brokers, not members of the New York Stock Exchange, to prevent the Western Union from depriving them of quotations. The injunction was argued in January last before Judge Pooley, of the Supreme Court of New York. His decision was not rendered until June, and is in effect that the telegraph companies are obliged to deliver stock quotations to any one contracting for them. It is quite possible that the law of this State compels Judge Pooley to make a decision which is a very decided hindrance to the ethics of business, but it is peculiarly unfortunate that Judge Pooley could not make up his mind until the appellate courts had adjourned for the summer. The Stock Exchange was therefore deprived of an immediate opportunity to appeal, cannot obtain the decision of the appellate court for many weeks to come, and the bucket-shops are given, for the time being, a new lease of life.

THE NAVAL ADVISORY BOARD: AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY

We have already reported the appointment by Secretary Daniels of his Advisory Board—a group of distinguished scientists and inventors, whose chief function will be to give advice to the Secretary of the Navy on the practicality of proposed inventions and scientific improvements for the navy. One of the interesting personalities of this Board is that of Mr. Benjamin G. Lamme, who is chief engineer of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. As an electrical engineer he is known the world over, and he has patented a large number of important inventions covering electrical apparatus. The Westinghouse Company is one of the foremost in the world in the development of electric power generation for industrial purposes, especially in the field of interurban and steam railway lines. The success of the Westinghouse Company in this development has been in large measure due to the ability of Mr. Lamme. He has been personally identified with the development of electric power at Niagara and on the New Haven and Pennsylvania railway systems. His appointment to the Naval Board was recommended by the Institute of Electrical Engineers, which is one of the most influential engineering societies in the world.

It is not, however, merely on the scientific side but on his personal side that he has especial interest for Americans. He takes a particular delight in discovering young men gifted along the lines in which he himself has been successful, and further placing them where they can make the most of their abilities. His own career gives him this human sympathy with young electricians, for he was born on a farm in Ohio, was graduated as a mechanical engineer from the Ohio State University in 1888, and entered the employ of the Westinghouse Company in 1889 in a very modest capacity. It is not known how Mr. Lamme first became interested as a boy on a farm in electricity. There must, however, have been some family trait which subconsciously set him in this direction, for his brother is a well-known electrical engineer on the Pacific Coast, and his sister—let all skeptics of women's mechanical ability mark this!—was an electrical engineer in the employ of the Westinghouse Company, and achieved an enviable reputation in the profession. He is not so well known to laymen as some other inventors of less scientific ability, because he does not seek publicity; but his opinions have the force of final decisions in electrical engineering circles. One of his associates speaks of him as follows:

> If Mr. Lamme does not know the answer to a question, he is not afraid to confess his ignorance, and this very frankness and honesty make his associates the more certain that when he does express an opinion or give an answer he is absolutely correct.
>
> He has the unusual ability of figuring large mathematical problems in his head, never covering pages with figures. But after he has arrived at the result by a purely mental process he jots down the final answer. One of his favorite expressions, which might almost be called the maxim of his life, is that "plain common sense counts for nine-tenths of the whole."
>
> His positive confidence in himself is combined with a remarkable sense of modesty. Indeed, I would describe his most dominant personal characteristic as a "modest self-confidence."

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the Government is ready to call upon scientists of this type for advice and assistance, and, on the other hand, that men of large affairs are more and more ready to give their time to public service.

OUTDOOR SCHOOLS

Two weeks ago Dorothy Canfield Fisher—who, by the way, is the daughter of the late Dr. James H. Canfield, for many years Librarian of Columbia University in

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New York City—gave an interesting account in The Outlook of an outdoor school. Unfortunately, expert educationists know more about the outdoor school movement than many mothers and fathers do. The term "outdoors" is so associated with country life that few people realize how easily and successfully outdoor school work may be carried on in our cities. On another page we print two pictures which show the unusual, if not unique, work of an outdoor school which is carried on in Central Park. The principal of this outdoor school, for many years a kindergarten and normal training teacher, is the head of a successful kindergarten for the children of parents who can afford to provide their children with the very best kind of education. She saw how successful the supervision of play and study for young children out of doors was in less favored districts of the city, and she determined to introduce the method in her own school. Unfortunately, as any observer in Central Park can see for himself, the children of the so-called better classes frequently spend hours of play in that delightful recreation ground without any other supervision than that of nurses who, however devoted, are certainly untrained in education. And these children are in large part the children of parents who for any other work in the home or office would not think of employing unskilled labor.

This New York outdoor school of natural education is now entering on its sixth year, and has passed the experimental stage, as may be seen by reference to the illustrations. Of course there is indoor work, too. "In good weather," says the principal, "the children assemble in the school-rooms to exchange morning greetings and to learn the plan for the day's work and play. Then in groups they go to that section of Manhattan Square, Central Park, or Riverside Drive best suiting their needs of the day."

The play of children is an expression of their natural instinct for education. The pioneers in this country who are working along the lines of planned and supervised play out of doors deserve every encouragement.

A NOTABLE LABOR LEADER

By the death of James Keir Hardie the Labor Members of Parliament lose a remarkable agitator. Like many another reformer, and especially like the early abolitionists in this country, Mr. Hardie's resentment at the wrongs and exploitations of British laborers was such that he carried his emotions to an extreme point. He seemed apparently willing to use any language to disturb the Government. He was indeed both a sincere and a strenuous antagonist. But he would have helped the cause of labor more had he been a less superficial critic.

Mr. Hardie was only fifty-nine years old. He was born in Scotland, and was put to work in the coal mines as a pit boy at the tender age of seven. He became a full-fledged miner. What is more, after hours he studied and became a self-educated man. He then took up journalism for four years. He went into politics, contesting the mid-Lancashire seat in Parliament, but was defeated. Later he contested the seat of Southwest Ham, and was elected.

His advent in the House of Commons excited interest, as his rough-and-ready manners were already well known. His first act was characteristic. Until his arrival it had been the unvarying custom for members to appear there wearing silk hats. But Hardie arrived in a Scotch cap. The Speaker was appealed to, but, as the British Constitution says nothing about the raiment of members, Hardie continued to wear his cap. The other members were really grateful to him, for the breaking of the tradition resulted in their liberty to appear in any kind of headgear.

In 1907 Mr. Hardie visited India and Australia, and stirred up so much discontent among the Hindus that his expulsion from the country was demanded. He made four visits to this country. More recently he defended a workingman's "right to get drunk" in the case of the London and Northwestern Railway engineer who had been dismissed for this reason. During the past twelvemonth he repeatedly assailed the Government for entering the war, and tried to show that the working classes were bearing the greater part of the war burden, thus recalling some of his bitter criticisms during the Boer War. He was ever honestly against war, and the slender ranks of the pacifist element among British Socialists have now been lessened by the disappearance of a singularly picturesque but not always effective personality.

A VILLAGE IN A CITY

Greenwich Village is one of the few surviving neighborhoods in New York. New York, like London, and, for that matter, like

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Tokyo and many other cities, is an aggregation of villages most of which have now entirely disappeared. Fifteen years ago people talked about going to Harlem as they now talk about going to Albany; but the boundaries of Harlem long ago faded into the larger unity of New York. There are a number of neighborhood associations which preserve a certain local consciousness as well as protect certain local interests. Washington Square has such an association, so has Gramercy Park; but Greenwich Village has a more definite history. It was a community by itself for many years, so far removed from early New York that in the time of the plague people fled to it to escape contamination. New York has grown up to it, surrounded it, and passed miles beyond it, and yet the section which lies between Sixth Avenue and the Hudson River and between Canal Street and Fourteenth Street, speaking generally, still presents certain distinctive characteristics to the eye and still keeps up its local life. It has public concerts in the Square three days in the week; there is a Children's Hour in the same place on Wednesdays and Saturdays; it has a theater which is called the "Little Thimble Theater"—mentioned in Mr. Mason's recent article in The Outlook on "Democracy in the Theater"—which exploits no new color schemes, no unexpected effects, stage features, or poetical illusions. The stage has no other purpose except to put the performers conspicuously in everybody's view. It professes but one purpose: to give the American composer, the American musician, the American playwright, and the American poet a chance to meet the American public on intimate terms. Moreover, Greenwich Village has what every locality of any independence of existence must have—a newspaper; "A Semi-Monthly edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square," according to the title-page, presents its readers with a number of entertaining articles, original or reprinted. There is nothing conventional about either its thought or its style; it has a pleasant, neighborly air; it is unmistakably democratic; and one gets the impression from reading "Bruno's Weekly" that the people in Greenwich Village have very pleasant times among themselves—the result of an articulate and active sense of neighborhood. A comedy with music entitled "Greenwich Village" will be presented at the "Little Thimble Theater" on October 7.

CHINA'S SALVATION

The death rate in China is probably higher than in any other country. And yet some Chinese actually contend that their high death rate is not, on the whole, undesirable; that there are too many people in the country; that the population is increasing too rapidly; that the pressure on the means of subsistence is excessive, and hence that a diminution of population is a benefit. Aside from the humanitarian bearing of this attitude, the economic effects are entirely ignored. These are well brought out in the Rockefeller Foundation's recent report on China. It calls attention to the large areas there in which arable land is untilled; to the immense sources of national wealth, particularly mines, practically untouched; to the development of railways; to the reforestation of the denuded hills; to the restriction of the rivers from devastating annual overflows. All these things need an increasing number of laborers, and hence an increasing population.

The steady perils to the population of China from diseases are particularly from tuberculosis, hookworm, and syphilis. At times cholera and bubonic plague have been specially threatening in the south, while the famines resulting from inundations have had their sequents in typhus. Leprosy also prevails.

What should be done? The Rockefeller Foundation sent out a commission to investigate. It recommends, among other things that the Foundation should immediately undertake medical work in China; that so far as possible it should co-operate with existing missionary institutions; that it should establish free medical instruction on the highest practicable standard; that model tuberculosis hospitals be established; that fellowships and scholarships be endowed; that additional foreign doctors and nurses be sent out; and that the equipment of certain hospitals be increased. The intention of the Rockefeller Foundation has been to establish a central medical school for the training of native physicians, with numerous branch hospitals and medical supply stations. It has adopted its commission's report as a working programme.

WOMEN IN CHINA

The Rockefeller Foundation's report also contains the latest comment on a subject which began to attract universal interest some years ago—the status of woman in

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China in general and her aptitude for medical work in particular.

The missions report great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of women physicians to go out from this country. But the situation has been somewhat relieved by a small group of Chinese women who have received medical training abroad. All are doing useful work, we learn, and are showing that, with a proper education, Chinese women are capable of developing a high degree of professional and also of executive power.

As to any medical training in China, the opportunities are few. The existing schools are small, poorly equipped, and the results of their work have been meager. But their greatest difficulty lies in the fact that they are unable to get girls with a proper preliminary education.

Until the whole standard of education for girls in China is raised the medical schools will be forced to keep their admission requirements low and to struggle with a poorly prepared group of students. Indeed, in the opinion of such men as President Judson, of the University of Chicago, Mr. Greene, one of our Consuls in China, and Dr. Francis W. Peabody, of Harvard, who constituted the commission to report to the Rockefeller Foundation, it would hardly seem wise to foster medical education for women in China until the underlying educational structure has been strengthened. For the present such women as are peculiarly fitted for the profession might better be sent abroad for a thorough training. One Chinese girl is at present at Johns Hopkins Medical School, for instance.

Unless the admission requirements of medical schools for women are higher, the importance of the nursing profession will also be diminished, and the training schools for nurses will be filled with girls who are below the standard of the medical school. This has a particular application to China, for at the present time high-grade nurses are as much needed there as are women physicians.

POWER OF COURTS TO DECLARE LAWS UNCONSTITUTIONAL

We have received from a friend a report made to the New York State Bar Association on the duty of courts to refuse to execute statutes in contravention of the fundamental law. He sums up the conclusion reached in the following language:

> Two American judges, two United States Senators, a few Congressmen, some lawyers, law school and university professors, have in the last ten or twelve years asserted that court review of any statute law is either an assumed power, a judicial usurpation, or an extra-legal act. Many publicists, beginning with de Tocqueville and Maine, have, in the language of two of the most eminent of their number, asserted that judicial review is "unique" to this country. (Maine on "Popular Government," page 217; Wilson, "Constitutional Government," page 147.) On the contrary, in federations with a written fundamental law, whether democratic, republican, monarchical, or imperial, judicial or court review of the validity of laws, sometimes as constitutional or unconstitutional, sometimes as *intra vires* or *ultra vires*, is a world-wide and inevitable result of federation, save only in federations like the German Empire, where the Federal Council (in co-operation with the Kaiser) possesses plenary, absolute, and dictatorial power. Yet even in the German Empire court review prevails to a limited extent where it becomes necessary to enforce the clause of the German Constitution reading: "The laws of the Empire shall take precedence of those of each individual state."

This conclusion appears to us, from an examination of the report, to be substantiated by ample quotations from American, English, and other authorities. We may add that, in our judgment, the decision of Chief Justice Marshall in Marbury vs. Madison (1803) established by incontrovertible reasoning that this power of the courts is essential to a democracy to endow the courts with authority to pass upon the constitutional power of the legislative bodies. This is necessary in order to sustain the authority of the people, who by constitutional enactment have defined the powers which they intend to give to the legislative bodies. The Outlook has never doubted that this duty should be exercised by the courts, though we believe that its exercise should be confined to appellate courts, to which by the lower courts the question should always be referred for decision. And we see nothing inconsistent with this general principle in a constitutional provision that when a law is held unconstitutional by the courts the question may be directly referred to the people instead of, as now, being indirectly referred by allowing them through a complicated and difficult process to amend

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the Constitution and so give to the Legislature the power which the court has decided had not before been given.

1916

The Presidential issue for 1916 is very simple.

It is not the tariff.

It is not finance.

It is not the relation of capital to labor.

It is not the regulation of the trusts.

It is the question of National defense. Shall our citizens be protected abroad and our country protected at home?

The party which makes this issue the first article of its platform, and the candidate who regards it as the public question of paramount importance and whose deeds as well as whose words are consistent with such a platform, will, in our judgment, be successful.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

I. A VISIBLE GOVERNMENT

In four successive articles we propose to tell New York voters why we recommend them to vote for the new Constitution, and voters of other States why we recommend them to consider the methods it offers to cure the political evils from which other States also are suffering.

The new Constitution substitutes a visible for an invisible government.

You probably know the names of the last four Governors of this State—Dix, Sulzer, Glynn, and Whitman. Do you know the name of any one of the State Engineers? Do you know the name of the present State Engineer? It is doubtful.

Under the old Constitution a political convention nominated a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and five heads of departments. It nominated a popular and generally a fairly good man for Governor. He might be a good man, and still so weak as to be easily controlled, or so gullible as to be easily cheated, or so ambitious as to submit to the party boss, who could determine his political future. But, weak or strong, gullible or shrewd, ambitious or public-spirited, he neither appointed nor could he remove the heads of the administrative departments. If your post-office is badly administered, you can hold the President of the United States responsible. If the State road in your town is badly built, whom can you hold responsible? You do not know. Nobody knows. It would take a score of lawyers and two or three years of lawsuit to find out. Some of the fifty million dollars appropriated by your vote to build public roads in this State have been squandered in constructing ill-built roads at extravagant rates, and the courts are now engaged in endeavoring to find out who is responsible, unless, indeed, they have given it up as a hopeless task.

This is bad enough, but it is not the worst. Besides the five heads of departments supposed to be responsible for the administration of public business, there are one hundred and fifty-two boards and commissions of different kinds. Of these some are elected, some are appointed by the Governor with, others without, the concurrence of the Senate, and some are removable by the Governor with, others without, the Senate's concurrence, while still others can be removed only by impeachment. Under these circumstances no one is responsible for the conduct of public affairs. For divided responsibility is no responsibility. The Governor does not govern. The bosses govern. For they select the men to fill these administrative offices and determine whether they shall be renominated when their terms expire.

The new Constitution substitutes for this complicated, heterogeneous, irresponsible administrative machinery a government consisting of seventeen departments. These departments cannot be increased in number by the Legislature. The heads of these departments, with three important exceptions—Law, Finance, and Education—are appointed by the Governor and removable by him, some with, some without, the consent of the Senate. Under this system the people will elect a Governor. The Governor will appoint the heads of the departments. The heads of the departments will appoint their subordinates. These subordinates are subject to the civil service law, which is continued under the new Constitution. Thus the subordinates will be responsible to their head, the heads to the Governor, the Governor to the people.

As The Outlook has already pointed out, this method is patterned after the Federal Government, and follows the counsels of the wisest statesmen among the founders of the Republic.

For the boss is substituted the Governor,

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for complexity simplicity, for irresponsible officials officials who are responsible, for an invisible government a government visible to all the people.

This is the first reason why we recommend you to vote for the new Constitution.

THE NEW ATTITUDE TO YOUTH

The fight between the two ideas of destruction and regulation now going on in the business field in this country is typical of the struggle which is going on in every other field; an inevitable and wholesome revolt against artificial conditions and repression of many kinds has carried a good many people so far in the other extreme that we are in danger of wasting as much by destruction as our ancestors wasted by repression.

The difference between the two points of view is illustrated by the difference between what might be called the manuals of life for college students of fifty years ago and the books for their guidance of to-day. Fifty years ago the undergraduate was warned against some of the strongest propensities of his nature—tendencies which, in their vigor and power, were indicative of his vitality, physical and mental. His pathway in college was placarded with "Don'ts." To-day those placards are down. Another placard has been put in their place: "Danger, go slowly!" The day of destruction has passed; the day of control has come in.

There is no better illustration of this than Dr. Fitch's eloquent and practical talks on "The College Course and the Preparation for Life" (Houghton Mifflin Company). There is no college or school preacher in the country who is more welcome than the head of Andover Theological Seminary; and no book has been written for undergraduates more full of inspiration and hope as well as of practical warning than this series of chapters. The old adviser of the young not only did not take the trouble to cross the chasm which always opens between youth and age, but seemed to be entirely unaware of it. His point of view was that of the elderly or old man; and many of the advisers of the youth of that day might well have been described by the name fastened upon an Indian some time ago, "Old-Man-Who-is-Afraid." Dr. Fitch is not afraid. Instead of looking at the undergraduate across a chasm, he stands beside him, filled himself with the enthusiasm, energy, and triumphant hopefulness of youth. Instead of saying "Don't," he says, in effect: "Use your passions as you use your faculties; use your normal and powerful physical tendencies, but use them to the highest ends and with full recognition of their spiritual meaning." He does not say to the glowing adolescence of the boy, "Be ashamed." He says, rather: "Be proud; too proud to misuse what God has given you as one of your greatest gifts; too proud to put to base uses those things which are intended for the highest purpose."

In place of an abstract appeal to prudence, he says: "What most youth need to help them in these fights is an appeal to their holiest imagination, to their deepest and tenderest instincts. They need not the condemning but the glorifying of these desires which threaten to destroy them. . . . We should try to show them that it is in these very instincts, when they are controlled and honorably satisfied, that leadership and worth themselves reside. . . . Youth best fights the sins of the flesh, not by hating the instincts which underlie them, nor by being ashamed of those instincts, but by so prizing them that he refuses to drag them in the mire of unbridled practices."

This is a twofold wisdom: it is a clear and full recognition of the nobility of instincts which men were taught for generations to regard with suspicion as something essentially unclean; and it throws a shining light on some of the deepest mysteries of life. No people have done more harm to the world than those who have driven into a place of shame instincts in men and women which are just as much a part of them as love and hope and the instinct for justice.

This repression and this destruction, both of which have had a long history, are responsible for an immense amount of impurity, disease, and unhappiness. They have shut the eyes of the world to the fact that the very strength of these instincts is generally the evidence of mental and physical power; that they are most vigorous in men and women of genius because they are allied to the imagination; that their birth and development are coincident with the awakening of the spirit as well as of the body; that they find expression in much of the finest art in the world; that the branding as impure of instincts so powerful has driven them out of the daylight and has been responsible for an

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immense amount of untruth and unhappiness.

Society does not execute the "right about face" in an instant; it very slowly changes its position; but it is changing its position fundamentally against suppression and destruction. One thing which the modern man cannot bear is waste. His ancestors bore it because they did not see that it was waste and they thought it inevitable. What Dr. Fitch has to say about character, religion, and other matters is said with the insight of sympathy by one who stands beside the man he is eager to help, and, instead of checking his instincts, makes them noble by giving them the right direction. There is nothing of more importance to a young man in the early struggles which determine character and career than to invoke his idealism. To the boy or youth who idealizes womanhood every woman appeals to his sense of protection; and in like manner every man in whom the ideal of honor is invoked responds to the appeal to his gratitude for the generosity of others. If a young man's chivalry is invoked in the fight for purity and his sense of honor is called in to stimulate fidelity to his college opportunities, the serious dangers of college life are eliminated.

The great difficulty which the college teacher has to face to-day is the unwillingness of a great body of young men to do their work. College life has come to be regarded as "a life" instead of an occupation, and energy which ought to be concentrated and focused is diffused and scattered over a wide surface of more or less secondary interests. The result is that a host of well-meaning young men waste the invaluable opportunities of college life and leave undone things which in the rush of work that comes later are never done. There is a fine phrase which has appealed for generations to the men at West Point and Annapolis, "An officer and a gentleman." Among the prime qualities of a gentleman are the sense of honor and the sense of obligation. No student ever pays for what he gets in college. Colleges would be impossible but for the endowments they receive in one form or another, and the man who wastes his time in college is wasting that which his parents are giving him often at great self-sacrifice, and he is also wasting the money which other people have invested for him. In this connection Dr. Eliot's admirable little book, "The Training for an Effective Life" (Houghton Mifflin Company), has something to say about that ridiculous phrase, "the gentleman's mark." There are five grades in Harvard College; the gentleman's grade is "C," which means that a man is doing only as much work as is necessary to secure his degree. He is not attending to his business; he is not making honorable use of the opportunities which others have prepared for him. He is in a real sense cheating the founders of the college and all the donors; above all, he is cheating himself. To quote Dr. Eliot: "He is not to be an effective, strong worker. He is not to be a man with a strong grip and a high purpose. He is not to be a strenuous seeker after efficiency and power. He is to be an indifferent, good-for-nothing, luxurious person, idling through the precious years of college life. Can there be a stupider or a falser idea of a gentleman than that?" Dr. Eliot is right. The phrase is not only an insult to the word "gentleman," but it is a piece of very cheap snobbishness.

The army of young men and women now entering upon the college career in this country cannot be better equipped than by the possession of these two volumes.

THE COURAGE OF THE CHRIST

Many sermons have been preached on the Lamb of God, not many on the Lion of the tribe of Judah; yet the same evangelist gave to the Christ both titles, and at the same time. To the Beloved Disciple the Lamb was also the Lion.

Courage was not the least distinguished characteristic of Christ, this man of contradictory qualities. He began his life with a challenge. Orthodox Judaism declared that a pagan could not become a child of God unless he became a Jew, and to become a Jew he must be baptized, as a symbol of the fact that he washed away forever his old pagan faiths and follies and became a new creature. John the Baptizer startled the church by declaring that Jews needed a radical cleansing quite as much as pagans, and called on them to symbolize their abandonment of their dishonorable past and their entrance on a new future by the same rite which they had imposed on the heathen. Bitterly was this teaching resented by the leaders of Jewish orthodoxy. But the people, unfed by the husks of an irreligious formalism, flocked to hear this

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prophet who told them that religion meant generosity to the poor, honesty in the tax-gatherer, the spirit of peace in the soldier. The rumor of this reform reached Jesus working at his father's bench, and he traveled afoot many miles from Nazareth to John's preaching that he might, by his own baptism, identify himself with this revival of the spirit of true religion. This was the beginning of the campaign which until his premature death Jesus waged unceasingly against the honored evils of his time.

John the Baptizer had never ventured into Jerusalem, the ecclesiastical capital of Palestine, where the priests ruled supreme, intrenched behind law and custom, and supported by popular prejudice. Thither Jesus after his baptism repaired and went straightway to the Temple, the citadel of the priesthood. A corrupt ring of priests and contractors had converted the outer court into a market-place, where the worshipers must perforce buy cattle and doves for the sacrifices and money for tribute, if they would not find their offerings rejected by the priests. The lowing of cattle, the cooing of doves, the chink of the coins on the money-changers' tables mingled with the music of the chorus boys, and the smell of the stables with the incense from the altar. Alone, unaided, unsupported save by his own indomitable courage, Jesus drove these traffickers from their market and overturned the tables of the money-changers. John afterward recalled his eyes that flashed fire, his voice that thundered like the surf on the seashore, his words that pierced like swords. This remembrance is the only approximation we possess to a contemporary portrait of Jesus. He was under no illusions as to the effect of this unauthorized attack on vested wrongs; and he told the remonstrating priests that it would cost him his life—as it did.

From Jerusalem Jesus went to his rural home in Galilee. The fame of his deed preceded him. His fellow-townsmen welcomed him with pride, and he was invited to preach in their synagogue. The Jewish prejudice against the Gentiles then we can imagine from our familiarity with Gentile prejudice against the Jews now. Jesus accepted the invitation, took the occasion to rebuke their race and religious hostility to their brother men, and intensified their anger by quoting their own Scriptures to show that God held Gentile and Jew in equal regard. The mob, which would have destroyed him, he quelled by the calmness of his courage; they quailed before him, and he passed through them unharmed.

From this time on his life was one of continuous, unceasing, and increasing warfare alike against ecclesiastical privilege and popular prejudice. He paid no deference to social position, wealth, or theological scholarship. When his disciples warned him that the orthodox leaders in the church were offended by his teaching, he replied—was it in pity or in contempt, or in mingled pity and contempt?—"They be leaders of the blind." When a pretended friend advised him to flee, for Herod was seeking to kill him, he replied with, "Go tell that fox." He disregarded the conventional proprieties of his time, welcomed invitations alike from the high and the low, the élite and the proletariat, and accepted with indifference the title conferred upon him in opprobrium, "Friend of publicans and sinners." He attacked the irreligious religion of the established Church both by his precepts and his examples, offered no sacrifices, kept no fasts, openly condemned the ceremonial washings on which the orthodox laid such stress, openly violated their Sabbath regulations, went to the Temple and to the synagogue to teach the people that neither priestly service nor synagogue rules constituted religion.

When his disciples were criticised for breaking the Sabbath, disregarding the fasts, and neglecting ablutions, he came to their defense. But when he was attacked he did not defend himself. Accused of being a glutton and a wine-bibber, he reported the accusation without taking the trouble to deny it. Accused of being a lawbreaker and a teacher of lawlessness, he did not resent the charge, though he explained to his disciples that divine law is something more than rules for the regulation of either ecclesiastical or moral conduct. Wrong done to him never aroused his anger; but one may search literature in vain for a more stinging invective than that which he uttered against pietistic pretenders who cloaked themselves with religion that they might practice inhumanity. His vehemence against the prevailing order puzzled and alarmed his timid mother. Persuaded that he had lost his head, she endeavored to call him from a campaign which was sure to cost him so much and in which he could win so little. But he refused. My mother and my brethren, he said, who are they? They who do the will of my Father in heaven,

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they are to me mother and sister and brother. Neither the entreaties of his friends nor the threats of his enemies could swerve him from his purpose.

Every year he went up to Jerusalem at the Passover to prosecute his campaign. His disciples endeavored in vain to dissuade him; then followed him, amazed, perplexed, sorrowing. Let us go too, said one of them, that we may die with him. Even they began to see the inevitable end of so uneven a conflict. He would not stay in Jerusalem at night; this would be to court secret assassination or treacherous betrayal. Nor go to his friends in Bethany; this would be to involve them in peril. He slept at night under the open sky in the environs of the city. His disciples shared this spacious sleeping-room with him. When the fatal night arrived, he asked three of his friends to keep watch and to warn him if danger threatened. Instead, they slept. When he heard the tramp of the Temple police approaching, it was not too late to escape; but to flee was to leave his disciples to arrest. That he would not do. He went forth; awoke his three neglectful sentinels; put himself between the approaching police and his disciples; and, when they had escaped, delivered himself up to be led away to his death. It is no figment of theology, but a literal fact, that he died to save others—those whose unworthiness had brought all in peril of their lives.

Is this adequate as a miniature of the Christ? Certainly not. It is not even adequate as a suggestion of one phase of his incomparable character. That would require more pages than here there are paragraphs. But it is a phase which the church, the ministers, and religious literature have too often ignored. The emasculated portrait of the meek and lowly Jesus has had little to appeal to strong, brave men. The Christ was something more than the meek and lowly Jesus, and he demanded of his disciples something more than meekness and lowliness.

"Think not," he said, "that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

A cowardly Christian is a contradiction in terms.

THE TURKISH VALEDICTORY AT CONSTANTINOPLE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Waldo, the writer of this article, is a member of the staff of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" and has just returned from the Balkan States and Turkey. He has been a close observer of European politics and has previously contributed other special articles to The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

I

CONSTANTINOPLE in mid-August was eloquent at every turn of the determination of the Young Turks, betwixt the upper and the nether millstone, the devil and the deep sea, to take matters into their own hands and to play the game out for themselves. Before I went in from Bulgaria I talked with two men at Sofia who are particularly wise in the affairs of the Levant. One was Dimitroff, sometime Bulgaria's Minister to Turkey and to Athens; the other was Gueshoff, the eminent Prime Minister of the first Balkan War, who had also represented Bulgaria in Constantinople. They conceded Constantinople and the northern littoral of Asia Minor at the close of the war to Russia, assigned Mesopotamia to England, gave the southern coast to Italy, and declared that Syria would become a French colony, Armenia would be an autonomous colony of Russia, and the Jews would realize their dream of an oasis in the Holy Land. They were sure that the Turkish Empire must soon pass into "liquidation."

Greece longs to take Constantinople and

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put Constantine on the throne in magnificent ceremonial at St. Sophia. Bulgaria ardently desires to behold Ferdinand there crowned Emperor of a re-established Eastern Empire; but these two dagger-drawn rivals fully realize that neither is equal to the upkeep of such a tremendous sovereignty.

II

The Allies then held—and to-day are holding—a line of intrenchments past Krithia across the tip of the Gallipoli Peninsula and a twelve-mile crescent bitten out of the west side below Cape Suvla. With the Bulair lines across the isthmus above the town of Gallipoli in Turkish hands, and the wagon road to the peninsula still open from the mainland, the Turco-German coalition of course is doing its best to impress the world with the impregnability of the forts that guard the narrow waterway into the Sea of Marmora. And yet here is a fact of the utmost significance: However complaisant the Kings of Bulgaria and of Rumania may be toward the passage of men and munitions Turkeywards through their lands, the temper of the people is not that of their rulers. Russia in any case controls the Black Sea sufficiently to make it a matter of the utmost difficulty to smuggle munitions and coal and oil into the Bosphorus from Rumania; and Bulgaria, which has by no means "sold out" to Germany, controls the railway to Adrianople. The Australian and New Zealand troops brought from Alexandria have not been long enough in action on the peninsula to count for their full value; and enormous reinforcements are being rushed to the "Anzac" positions. The ships, because of the 1,400 yards at the narrowest part of the channel, must wait in the Ægean till the forts are taken by the dogged trench-to-trench advance. In Constantinople, to the foreign colonies not one word of the truth leaks out with regard to operations on the Dardanelles, or in Russia, or anywhere else. The Germans deliberately pervert or suppress the news, so that Americans remain in utter ignorance; and, instead of being able to tell me, they asked me eagerly again and again, "What is going on at the Dardanelles? Are the Allies making progress?" And when I said that Russia was beginning to give proof of her resiliency and was on the verge of a turning-movement in Galicia, they were incredulous. It seemed too good to be true.

III

An official order has gone forth forbidding English or French speech in the streets or shop signs in these tongues; and since Ambassador Morgenthau prevented the distinguished British lawyer Sir Edwin Pears from being spirited off into the interior of Asia Minor there are no British Residents to consult. Other foreigners will tell you that the Turks, feeling that they have nothing to gain and nothing to lose by an independent policy, are a law unto themselves. I heard circumstantial accounts of Liman von Sanders and von der Goltz coming out of conferences with Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey in anger. I put point blank to a friendly German officer of very high rank the query, "What is your estimate of Enver Pasha's mental capacity?" He shrugged his shoulders with a contemptuous ejaculation, and his face was the liveliest pantomime of disgust I have ever seen. Very candidly, von der Goltz has admitted that—at seventy-three—the Turks are trying to shelve him on the ground that he is senile and doddering, which is far from being the case. The Turks rue their compact, yet pride keeps them from the explicit confession. They realize that a victory for Germany means vassalage for them. They know that victory for the Allies means—to use Gueshoff's word—"liquidation." Moreover, a tobacco merchant who knows the Arabians and their country well told me that there are tremendous rumblings of dissensions from that quarter. Millions of Arabs are not at all satisfied to have their political destinies determined for them by perhaps one-sixth or one-seventh of their number, especially when this minority has shown itself absolutely incapable of ruling.

The unexampled severity of the persecution of the Armenians is due to the fear on the part of the Turks that the Armenians hold out the keys to Russia across the Caucasus. They keep the one hundred thousand Armenians in Constantinople as hostages.

IV

There is a widespread belief among foreigners in Constantinople that the city after its fall will be internationalized—that is to say, its administration will be managed by an international commission. This theory is scouted throughout the Balkans and in western Europe. In Constantinople, as in the Balkans, everything hinges upon the success

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

CONSTANTINE I, KING OF GREECE
Born in 1868; ascended throne in 1913

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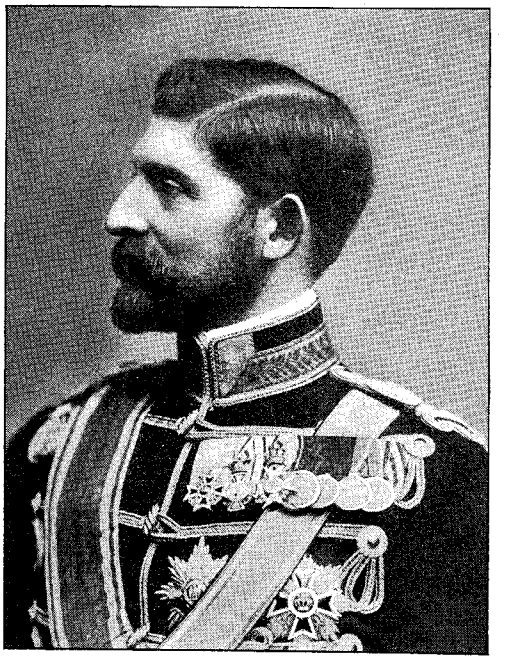
PETER I, KING OF SERVIA
Born in 1844; ascended throne in 1903

FERDINAND I, KING OF BULGARIA
Born in 1861; ascended throne in 1887



FERDINAND I, KING OF RUMANIA
Born in 1865; ascended throne in 1914

RULERS OF SOUTHERN EUROPEAN KINGDOMS WHICH MAY SOON BE DRAWN INTO THE WAR

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ONE OF THE FEW TRIUMPHS OF THE ARMENIANS

The picture shows a successful defense by the Armenians of the city of Van against Turkish besiegers; in a later attack the city fell; it is now occupied by the Russians

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

CONSTANTINOPLE REJOICING OVER TURKISH "VICTORIES" OR MASSACRES ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SULTAN

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN TURKS AND ARMENIANS

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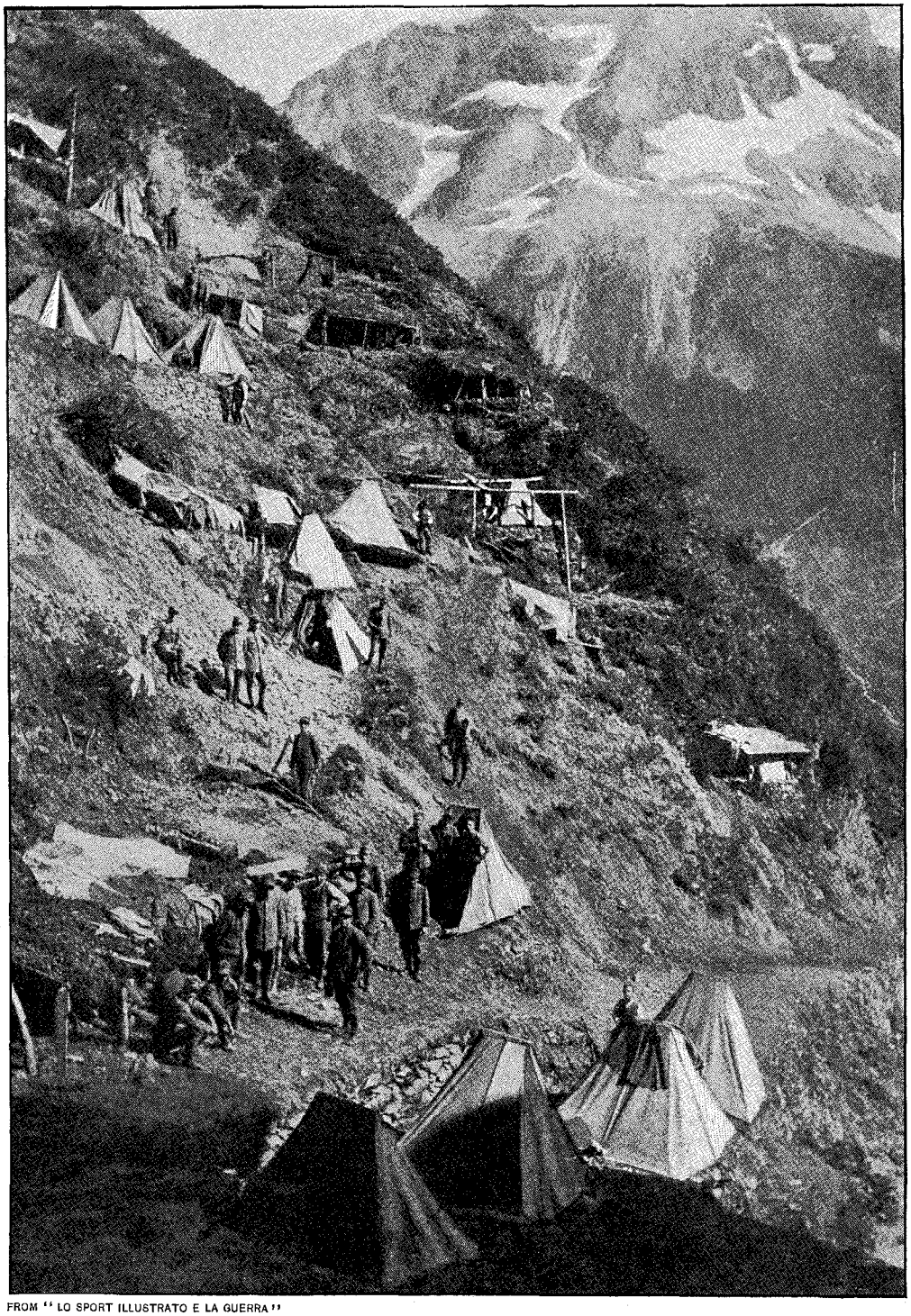

FROM "LO SPORT ILLUSTRATO E LA GUERRA"

AN ADVANCE POST OF THE ITALIAN ARMY IN THE TRENTINO

This picture is, in the Italian illustrated paper from which it is reproduced, accompanied with comment from a war correspondent describing the immense difficulties of the campaign against the Austrians, beset as the army's route is with overhanging precipices on one side of the narrow mountain roads and with dizzy depths on the other

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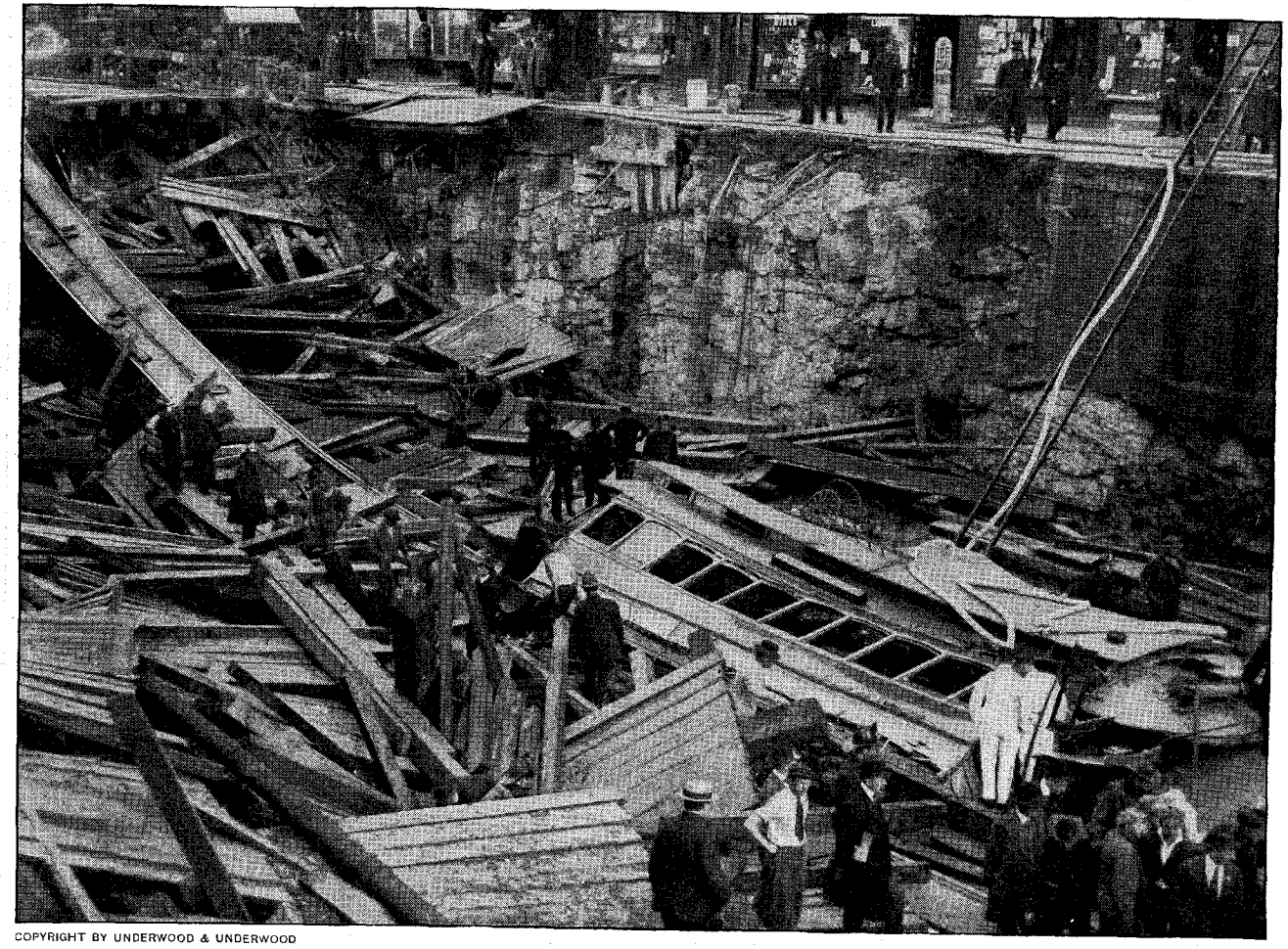

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A TRAGICAL OBJECT-LESSON ON THE DANGERS OF CARELESS SUB-STRUCTURE WORK

The new subways under construction in New York City have been the scene of appalling disasters recently. See editorial comment

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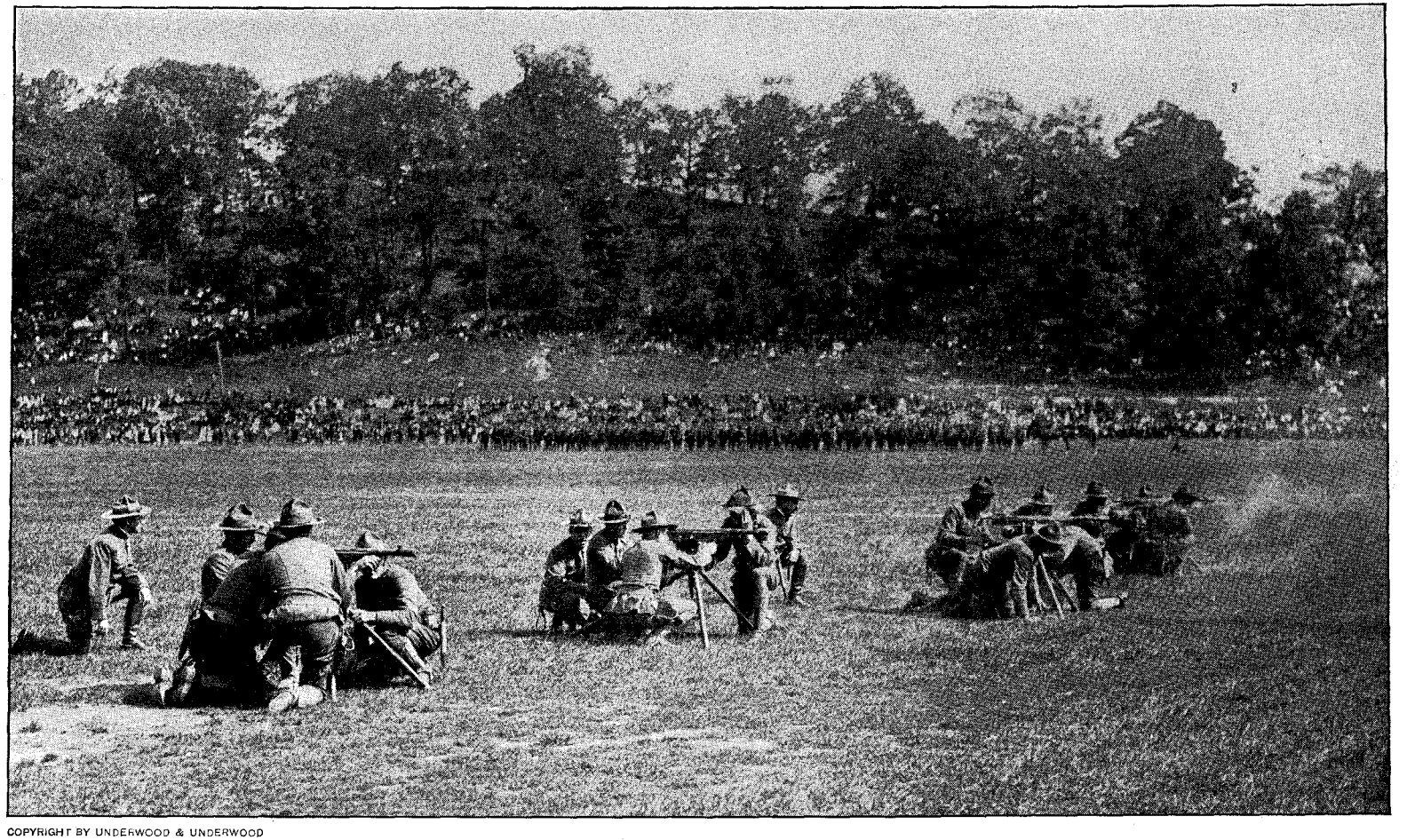

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MACHINE GUNS IN ACTION IN THE MIMIC WARFARE OF THE MILITIA AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK, NEW YORK CITY

See description on editorial pages

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BENJAMIN G. LAMME: MECHANICAL ENGINEER, ELECTRICAL EXPERT, NAVAL ADVISER

Mr. Lamme, who has recently been named by Secretary Daniels as a member of the Naval Advisory Board, was born on a farm near Springfield, Ohio. He graduated from the Ohio State University in 1888; in 1889 entered the employ of the Westinghouse Company, and rose to the position of Chief Engineer of that world-famous concern. His appointment to the Naval Board was recommended by the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. See editorial comment

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN FARNUM

AN OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOL IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY

See editorial pages for a description of this new and increasingly popular method of training young children

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA

Head of the Mexican faction which has lately gained ground in the military field. See the article by Edward I. Bell in this issue of The Outlook

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or failure of Russia. Until very recently something akin to panic prevailed among the sympathizers with the Allies in the reports of Russian reverses as prodigiously distorted by the German press agency. I lived very close to the Press Bureau in Servia and in Bulgaria in order to get newspaper articles to America; I frankly announced my sympathy with the Allies, and I always wrote from that point of view, yet I was everywhere cordially received and hospitably entertained, and only by Germans was I taken to task for my opinions. This consistent tolerance of my attitude I cannot help regarding as significant. I found the atmosphere at Sofia particularly cordial. An interview with Prime Minister Radoslavoff was arranged for me, though I did not request it. I may say, by the way, that two Salonika journals, since my departure from Sofia, have reported the dismissal of the physician to the Bulgarian royal family on the ground that he was guilty of espionage in favor of Germany.

V

Being neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, in a tangled situation that would tax the sapiency of Solomon were he a modern diplomat, I merely venture these conclusions for what they are worth:

1. The Allies are underwriting the collapse of the all-but-impregnable fortifications at the Dardanelles by progressive long-range insulation from the north and the east, and by blocking Ægean ingress and egress at the actual theater of operations, while the southern *Hinterland* increasingly menaces Turkey through the growing Arabian restlessness.

2. Constantinople must fall, and within a few months at most. Bulgaria alone all but took the city in November, 1912, and it will not be possible for Germany to thrust half a million men through the prodigious defiles of the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier in time to save the city, even if Germany is able to detach that number of men from her life-and-death struggle in mid-Europe. The city of Constantinople itself is as helpless as a mollusk out of its shell.

3. Constantinople after the fall will undoubtedly be under martial law for a time; and then, by England's consent, as Sir Edward Grey has foretold, it will be assigned to Russia. Not that this will be a matter of immediate and facile adjustment. There will be a deal of Balkan jealousy of Russia to placate, and for a long time to come various dissident elements within the city will make it difficult to rule. But the problem will be simplified for Russia by her control of the Black Sea and of the northern coast of Asia Minor. Greece by that time will have established (with the Allies' consent) her outreach across the Ægean to Smyrna. Servia will have relinquished northern Macedonia to Bulgaria, and Rumania will have surrendered the northern part of Bulgaria acquired by her recent notorious "military promenade." Greece will continue to hold Kavalla, and Bulgaria will manage to get along with Porto Lagos and Dedeagatch as her outlets upon the Ægean.

The death knell of the Empire of the Turk is sounding; and it makes sweet music in the ears of millions.

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F.R.G.S.

MR. ROCKEFELLER AND THE COLORADO MINERS

ON the 21st of September, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in overalls and jumper, began a tour of inspection of the properties of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Colorado, in which he is so largely interested and for the management of which he has been held responsible by many newspapers and by the country at large. One of the charges made against him has been that he was a non-resident owner and that he has not known conditions for which he was in a measure responsible. When the Commission on Industrial Relations was in session last spring, Mr. Rockefeller was one of the most important men who testified before the Commission. His testimony was extended and in detail, and his courtesy and candor made a very favorable impression. His apparent desire to get at the facts was obvious, and he was urgently invited by some of his bitterest opponents to visit Colorado and study the situation at first hand. Among these was "Mother Jones," whose meeting with Mr. Rockefeller was one

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of the picturesque incidents of a somewhat lurid investigation.

It has long been the conviction of The Outlook that Mr. Rockefeller owed it to himself, to the public, and to the great interests of all kinds involved; to visit the scene of the civil war of a year ago and to familiarize himself with living and working conditions in the mining districts. This is what he has been doing for the last three weeks, and apparently with thoroughness. The newspapers have given his visit a somewhat sensational coloring; but it is to be remembered that for this he is no way responsible. He began by putting himself in the place of the men and women who are working and living in the mining districts. He made the journey from Trinidad to the Frederick Mine at Valdes in a motor, halted a few minutes to put on miner's dress and secure a miner's lamp, and then went into the mine. The miners were naturally amused to see one of the richest men in the world swinging a pick and digging out coal; but Mr. Rockefeller, undismayed by the amusement he was furnishing, entered into the spirit of the occasion and laughed as he brought the black lumps rattling down. He also took occasion to talk with the miners. "We are partners in this business," he said; "any one from the inside of the camp or from the outside who has been telling you that we are enemies has been trying to deceive you. I cannot get along without you and you cannot get along without me."

The most significant thing Mr. Rockefeller said to this special group of miners was, "You are not as bad as you are painted;" and the miners might have repeated this phrase to him. There is good ground for believing that a great deal of black paint has been used on both sides of this unhappy controversy. He took special pains to meet Archie Dennison, the Grievance Representative of the mining camp, who told him that in several instances in which he was in conference with the officers of the company he had obtained relief from rules imposed by minor mining "bosses" without the knowledge of the heads of the corporation. He also asked many questions of the miners regarding wages and working conditions. After eating supper at a miners' boarding-house and talking with the men who had just come from the underground workings, he spent the night in a coal camp.

The following morning he investigated the living conditions of the neighborhood, visited the school and was instructed by a twelve-year-old girl how to deal with stocks and bonds, how to run a bank and finance a corporation that would pay forty cents annual dividend on a ten-cent block of stock. He was greatly interested in the management of the bank and store established by the pupils for the sale of school supplies. The twelve-year-old girl, daughter of a coal-digger, who was asked to instruct him, walked to the front of the room, shook hands with him, and gave her explanation in clear-cut statements, telling him at the start that she was the cashier of the bank and that the institution already had five dollars on deposit. She added that part of this amount had been loaned out to pupils on good security. She explained that the store was formed by a group of girls and boys who each subscribed ten cents to the capital stock, and who bought school supplies at wholesale and sold them at retail. Last year the stock paid between thirty and forty cents dividend on each ten cents in stock. Mr. Rockefeller seemed greatly interested in these revelations of financial ability on the part of the children of the miners. He was also greatly interested in an exhibit of first-aid work by some of the boys of the schools. He examined some of the old houses formerly inhabited largely by Italians, unsightly and unsanitary. These buildings have now been bought by the company, which is constructing new cottages to take their place.

John R. Lawson, who is in the county jail under sentence of life imprisonment on the conviction of murder in the first degree and is awaiting the action of the Supreme Court on his appeal, is reported to have said that he believed Mr. Rockefeller to be entirely sincere in his endeavor to improve conditions among men in the mines, and that his efforts will result in some betterments which may prove to be permanent; but he said that in his judgment Mr. Rockefeller had missed the fundamental trouble. Democracy has never existed among the men who work underground; the coal companies have stamped it out. Mr. Rockefeller, he said, is not trying to establish democracy; he is trying to substitute paternalism for it. He added that the recognition of the union is the only remedy which will permanently cure the trouble in Colorado.

Four mining camps were visited on the following day, and during the visit Mr. Rockefeller had a conference with the Miners'

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Grievance Representative in which he is reported as saying that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company did not care "whether its employees belonged to a union or not." In the evening he saw a theatrical performance staged by a company of miners; and at the close he not only proposed a dance but took part in it himself; beginning with the wife of the mine superintendent, the newspapers report him as dancing with practically every woman and girl in the room. Dancing, by the way, is one of Mr. Rockefeller's recreations. Perhaps the most strenuous part of Mr. Rockefeller's exploration so far was his visit to the steel plant of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. After a fifty-three-miles motor trip and a hurried luncheon, he went through the rooms in which half-naked workers were protected from the heat by blasts of cool air. He did not avoid the dangerous parts of the plant, but went everywhere, shaking hands with the workmen and asking questions. He subsequently visited the company's hospital.

At the end of the first week Mr. Rockefeller announced his intention to meet any one who wished to talk with him. This means that the various organizations more or less intimately connected with coal mining, like the International Board of Mine Workers, will have the opportunity of stating their grievances and not only pointing out the conditions which in their judgment ought to be changed, but also defining the principles on which the relations between the mine-owners and the miners ought to be based.

The first week was a record of hard work involving motor-driving over hundreds of miles of mountains, coal-digging, exploration of deep shafts, of steel-making, and, above all, of eating at miners' boarding-houses. Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have said, as the result of meeting the miners, that all that the average man wants is a square deal, that there is nothing superficial about his trip, that for some time past he has had the desire to see how miners lived and worked, to study their problems, and to show his interest in their affairs. He expressed himself as warmly appreciating the cordiality which had been shown him by the miners and their families, and declared his belief that it is easy for men to understand one another if they get a chance to talk matters over.

To a group of members of the Women's Juctice League of Denver Mr. Rockefeller is reported as expressing himself in favor of collective bargaining and the abolition of discrimination between union and non-union labor in the future. When he was offered affidavits to show that the union miners did not start the battle at Ludlow, he promptly disclaimed any responsibility for the tragedy. The President of the League is reported as saying that Mr. Rockefeller wanted to learn the truth, and she declared her belief in his entire sincerity.

Mr. Rockefeller has announced his intention of spending a month in Colorado. He is seeing things with his own eyes. He will have a chance to make himself acquainted, not only with conditions, but with the spirit and aims of the miners, and they will have a chance of making their own estimate of him and of his spirit and sincerity. It is too early to estimate the practical importance of this personal inspection of the conditions under which the miners are working in Colorado, but it is not too early to emphasize the significance of the visit. Many of Mr. Rockefeller's friends and the public at large have felt that very serious trouble might have been avoided if he had known earlier the vital conditions under which an army of workingmen are not only toiling but living. They welcome this tour of inspection as significant of a deeper sense of responsibility and also as the first step in the history of one of the largest industries of the country in the direction of securing mutual understanding between employers and employees. The lack of this understanding has led in the past to tragical results; it affords a basis for the unjust and stupid management which has produced many acute crises in the labor field; and it makes possible the disastrous influence of those labor leaders who thrive on passion and hatred and who oppose every step towards a possible solution of labor troubles because it would put them out of business. What the labor situation needs is knowledge on both sides, sympathy between both sides, and justice on all sides.

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THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

FIRST ARTICLE

CARRANZA—A CRIMINAL SOLUTION

BY EDWARD I. BELL

*At present the Mexican problem is overshadowed by the European war. It will become acute and serious when the war is concluded, for the great European nations are at present forced to ignore their important human and financial interests in Mexico. When peace comes at home, they will insist that the United States must see that life and property are protected in Mexico or they will demand the right to do it themselves. The Outlook has asked Mr. Edward I. Bell to state the problem and propose its solution in three articles. Mr. Bell is an American of many years' residence in Mexico, where he was the editor and publisher of "La Prensa" and the "Daily Mexican" of Mexico City. He likes the Mexican people and believes in them. He is the author of the best and clearest narrative with which we are familiar of the present condition of anarchy in Mexico. This narrative is a readable and fair-minded volume entitled "The Political Shame of Mexico," published by Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co., of New York.—*THE EDITORS.

THE Mexican problem began with Porfirio Diaz. In 1877 he became President of the confused and inchoate Mexican Republic. It is not necessary here to go into the history of Mexico before that date. For fourteen years, during four of which he was not President, Diaz devoted himself to solidifying the Republic and building it up commercially, politically, and socially. In 1890 he had accomplished so much that for the twenty years from that date to 1910 foreign industrialists and tourists could travel or live in Mexico for business or for pleasure as safely as they could in the United States, and more safely than in several other Latin countries. This statement applies not merely to the cities and larger towns or to the main highways of travel, such as the railways, but to the country districts, villages, and the mountains. In 1910 this condition began to change. Diaz was becoming an old man. Everybody saw, both in Mexico and in the United States, that before very long, if Mexican prosperity was to be maintained, he must have a successor. Ambitious men immediately began to take advantage of the situation and to intrigue as to the future. Unfortunately, the United States at this time began to put a finger in the pie. The Administration of President Taft at Washington, for some reason which the best-informed Mexicans have never been able to discover, considered that it must take part, either openly or *sub rosa*, in the selection of Diaz's successor; that is to say, the Administration at Washington was critical of the apparent methods by which the successor to Diaz was to be chosen.

The first figure of international prominence that arose on the horizon was Madero. Madero two years earlier than this period had been going through the country advocating what he asserted were freer and more just political institutions. The rest of the story is familiar. Madero became President; Huerta, a general in the Federal Mexican army, rose to power, deposed Madero, and has been charged with conniving at his death. This led to a reign of terror and bloodshed. President Wilson interfered, and declined to recognize Huerta because of the terror and bloodshed. The better class of Mexicans, as will be later pointed out in these articles, finally either abandoned Mexico in despair or were driven out of the country. The anarchy that ensued bred many self-styled revolutionists, such as Villa and Carranza. Of these professed leaders of revolution Carranza and Villa are the best known in the United States, although there are many others.

This very rough outline brings us to the present situation—Huerta driven out of the country by the influence of the United States Government at Washington; Carranza and Villa at first pretending to work together, finally opposing one another, and to-day fighting each other bitterly. In these articles I shall ignore Villa. His vicious record is

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known and his power is gone. He is no longer a factor of importance in the problem.

It is now proposed that the United States Government, acting in conjunction with the A B C and Central American mediators, shall recognize Carranza and make him provisional President of the Mexican Republic. Let us examine the record of Carranza.

Early in March, 1913, he announced his objects as a revolutionary general. Briefly summarized, they were:

To avenge the murder of Madero.

To restore the Constitutional Madero Government which Huerta and his helpers had upset.

To realize and make practical the Madero dream of a free democracy, in which every peon might own land.

These declarations were accepted by the United States at their face value, and Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, signified to their author our approval of them. Carranza was applauded as a patriot. The unnamable outrages committed by him and his aides on the Mexicans have been ignored. We have stood calmly by as our own Nationals have been caught in the cogs of his machinery and ground up. The Government of the United States has sent men to counsel him; our borders have been held open that he might receive from us munitions of war. The Government might have known, if it had been willing to accept the facts, that the money he tendered in payment was the product of murder and robbery; that it was realized by the sale to our own citizens of property wrested from his groaning countrymen—cattle, corn, cotton, coffee, and all marketable goods. He stripped the country bare of life-sustaining things and sent them to our ports for cash, while hundreds of thousands of Mexicans ate roots and hid from the rapacity of his officers and men. Under his leadership churches and charitable and educational institutions have been desecrated and destroyed. Mediæval outrages have been inflicted on priests and nuns. But all this has been ignored by our Government because the official record, compiled during the régime of Secretary Bryan, states that Carranza was engaged in a struggle for civil freedom and was inspired by high ideals!

Venustiano Carranza deserted the sinking Diaz ship a few months before it foundered, when all Mexico knew it was doomed. He made a political bargain with Madero, and became Governor of the State of Coahuila when Madero came into power. For twelve years he had been the political follower and henchman of Miguel Cardenas, who for sixteen years was Governor of the State. Cardenas was of the "cientifico" business group.

The word cientifico means scientific business. It was first applied to a small circle of men who dealt in contracts largely for the State governments during the Diaz period. The influence of the patronage which grew out of these contracts spread rapidly, and the term cientifico clung to any man who participated in their procurement or execution. It widened still further; any man whose business was benefited by a Government tariff or by any Government favor was included in the cult. Thus it became political. It was essentially a broad community of interest in support of the existing order of things governmental. It was more nearly comparable to some of the past history of our own political parties than anything Mexico had known—a log-rolling scheme to control the spoils of office on a peaceful basis.

As with us, there were men who secured undue advantage over the others; also as with us, the great majority received nothing. Frequently the only visible rewards which a cientifico secured were association with men of affairs and participation in local political arrangements. The rich people of Mexico were cientificos "on principle," that principle being to sustain the Diaz Government, although no great number of them took part in the business deals which the inner circle controlled.

Cientifico power was far-reaching; it held its grip on certain large banks, and stood guard when loans were asked for by men who opposed its methods. We all know how this is done. It was easier in Mexico than it has been in the United States, for banking control was there more sharply concentrated. In a similar way it was a factor to be reckoned with in any business enterprise unless one was strong enough financially to force his way through all ordinary obstacles.

I do not think the plunderings of Mexico by the cientificos would make much of a showing in comparison with the exhibit in any of our large cities. If we condemn the cientificos one and all and rejoice when their homes are looted, the gowns of their wives handed over to courtesans, their servants murdered for stepping too slowly, and themselves driven to refuge in a foreign land—if we go that far, as Secretary Bryan did, with

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the cientificos of Mexico, what punishment shall we prescribe for our own?

Cardenas and Carranza were cientificos in business matters. Cardenas sent Carranza to the Mexico City Senate and kept him in that body for ten years. After Cardenas resigned as Governor of the State of Coahuila and Diaz was tottering, Carranza approached Madero and made a deal for the governorship.

Carranza possessed no governing talent. He had been an automaton in the Senate and as Governor he was the butt of local wit. His vanity soon became a State liability. His time was devoted to banquets and speech-making. State affairs ran down hill right speedily; discipline disappeared; office routine fell in arrears; graft ran riot; taxes were doubled and in instances multiplied by three, but little of the money reached the treasury. In the northern section of the State, which lies along the border of Texas, bands of brigands raided *haciendas* and small towns and supplied material for the enemies of Madero to exploit in American newspapers. This suited Carranza well because it lessened the prestige of Madero, whom he hated.

Madero sent him a monthly subsidy to organize and maintain a State force to quell these disturbances. Carranza organized and maintained the force, but the disturbances were not quelled. The force was used in parades and reviews in the State capital and in smaller towns when Carranza visited them.

As Governor, Carranza's self-esteem developed enormously. He saw visions of a great future when Madero's inability to rule the country became clearer. All the time he stored up arms at Monclova, and all the time the bandits in the north were busily at work. Constant complaints from Madero at Mexico City stung Carranza's pride. Local jealousy of Emilio Madero, the President's brother, spurred his sensations to intense hatred of the entire Madero clan. Finally Madero cut off the monthly subsidy and Carranza brought his secret preparations to a head.

He had only twelve hundred men, but they were well armed and marched with a martial air and seemed to Carranza an invincible host. The mill-hand, Pablo Gonzales, now the general in possession of Mexico City, held a minor post in this little army. He had Carranza's ear; so did others who saw the prosperous State lying open for plunder. Carranza cared little for plunder himself; his desire was for pomp and glitter and applause. But he knew what the others wanted, and he listened as they told him of the thousands who would crowd about his personal standard. He had no money to pay a large army, but he needed none; it could live off the country and its people, and Carranza himself would rise to a great place in the nation.

At the close of January, 1913, the step which was to mark the beginning of his personal revolution against Madero and the Federal Government was arranged for. Emilio Madero was to be seized and imprisoned and the Federal Government defied. The affair dragged from day to day. Then came the outbreak of February 9 in Mexico City, with the tragic ten days of fighting in the capital, and Carranza awaited the outcome.

The outcome was Huerta, and Carranza's desire for revolution failed. Huerta telegraphed a peremptory demand on all governors, calling for their submission and allegiance. Carranza parleyed with him for two days by telegraph over conditions, the principal one being that the monthly subsidy was to be resumed. Huerta conceded them all. Carranza then despatched Garza Ramos as a messenger to Mexico City, bearing a letter to Huerta which named the man Carranza had chosen as his representative.

If the bargain between Huerta and Carranza had been concluded, the history of Mexico might have been different and our complications less acute. A combination of circumstances, supplemented by Carranza's cowardice, frustrated his plan for alliance with Huerta, and drove him into opposition. This was the way of it:

The direct line of the National Railway from Saltillo, in the State of Coahuila, to Mexico City was out of commission. Carranza's messenger traveled, therefore, by way of Tampico. He was four days in making the journey. Telegraphing between Carranza and Huerta continued until the afternoon of the day before Garza Ramos arrived, when the wires were cut and all communication was shut off.

The plan arranged by Carranza called for a telegraphic conversation between himself and Huerta's secretary, with Carranza's representative by the secretary's side. The representative was the man whose credentials were in the letter to Huerta which Garza Ramos was bringing. The abrupt cessation of the telegraph service before advices were received by Carranza announcing the arrival of his messenger bred a vague uneasiness

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which quickly became impatience as the hours went by.

Carranza waited, his sensations progressing rapidly from impatience to suspicion and from suspicion to alarm. Two days of silence passed. Alarm had now become a frenzy of fear. The cutting of the wires suggested a Huerta trap which might be sprung at any moment. The third day dawned with the silence unbroken. Carranza waited no longer. At daylight that morning he left Saltillo with General Coz and Colonel Ramos. Twenty men accompanied them, one of whom carried a satchel containing 30,000 pesos, all the available funds. The party was on horseback and was headed north. They were not certain of their destination; any place would do if it was far enough from Huerta and his trap.

Carranza's departure from Saltillo was a matter of no special moment locally, although he was Governor of the State. Respect for his authority had dwindled to the zero mark. His pretensions had become the comedy of his capital. But there were those who thought of the after effects if their Governor ran away. These men made diligent efforts to dissuade him, but he was too frightened to listen intelligently even to Cardenas, whose orders he had taken for many years. What Carranza wanted just then was not good advice from an old friend; it was distance—miles, many miles—between himself and danger. So Carranza ran from his capital, leaving the city and the State to shift for themselves.

The next day at noon his party halted for food and rest at Anhelos, a small village about seventy-five miles north of Saltillo. The entire group was fast asleep under the trees on the edge of the village when a train-load of Federal or Huerta troops from Torreon arrived at the station. The tracks were about a mile from the Carranza camp, but Trucy Aubert, the Federal general in charge, seemed to know its location. He was a humorist. He halted the train long enough to fire two cannon shots over the sleeping camp. Then he ordered the train ahead and went his way.

This is the nearest approach to being under fire that Venustiano Carranza has been to this day. The effect on the camp that February afternoon was electrical; it stampeded it. In the haste of the men to saddle their horses the satchel of gold and currency was upset and its contents spilled on the ground. Several horses were ridden over the money as they were spurred away. Money, extra clothing, blankets, whatever was not fast to the saddles, was left behind in the rush of Carranza's party to escape from an enemy who already was moving leisurely in the opposite direction.

The party raced for three miles. Finding they were not pursued, a few of them ventured back and gathered up the money from the leaves and dirt where it had been trampled, the others waiting for them in the edge of the hills. All but Carranza. Carranza kept on—on to Monclova, a small city in the State of Coahuila, and then through the mountains to his home town of Cuatro Cienegas, where he halted for breath. He had traveled 140 miles since he left Saltillo—by horse, by train, by hand-car, and by mule. His party camped that night at Guadalupe, a small *hacienda* sixteen miles from the scene of the stampede.

It was here that the declaration of high ideals was dated. It became the Plan of Guadalupe, well known to fame and to infamy. It was framed by the men Carranza left behind as he fled to the seclusion of his home at Cuatro Cienegas. A messenger from the group at Guadalupe ranch brought it to him two days later for his approval and signature. The haunting sense of fear had lessened; there were many miles of difficult country to the north in which to hide, and beyond lay that sure refuge, the United States. He knew that his bridges were burned, that now he was among the men Huerta had marked for certain death. He pondered the plan and wavered. Should he join this rattle-brain enterprise in opposition to a man-killer like Huerta or make good his escape? Then the politician in Carranza awoke. The dead Madero was the most potent influence in Mexico; he, Carranza, would ride this influence into power.

The allurement of the scheme intensified as he dwelt upon it. Beside it his former plans appeared grotesque in their pettiness. Madero had been martyred; his mantle had fallen upon Carranza his prophet. Every peon in Mexico would rally to such a standard. By careful management he could keep out of harm's way himself. Fighting men in plenty would come forth to lead the battles if they saw plunder waiting on victory. But this provision for immediate confiscation of all land which the plan contained—this must be modified. He held too many acres of his own.

He struck confiscation from the plan,

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signed it, and sent it to the camp. The framers refused to accept it in such form. A revolution in Mexico which could not confiscate, they said, was a lost cause from the start; they would have none of it. Carranza then went to the camp himself and argued the case. His associates were firm. Finally they compromised, and the document, with its provision to take away property from "traitors" who had it and give it to "patriots" who had not, went forth from a print shop in Torreon as Carranza's manifesto to the nation —his declaration of high ideals.

Ready hands undertook its distribution. The text was telegraphed to Washington, and Secretary Bryan seized upon it as a solution to the puzzle which he had found waiting him as he crossed the sill of the State Department on the 4th of March. Huerta, the unspeakable, would be destroyed by the Madero sentiment which this man Carranza would direct. The confiscation feature was a good thing. The men who owned the land held too much. The Carranza object was worthy. It must be encouraged. By means of it the United States would avoid military operations to enforce its moral will.

It was after this manner that Venustiano Carranza emerged from obscurity in Mexico and set out to achieve a place in the sun. And it was after this manner also that the false label on his revolution goods was listed in our records. Secretary Bryan knew little about Carranza, but he promptly tendered him support. It was this support and nothing else which brought about Carranza the semblance of leadership. Thousands of irresponsible or vicious men in northern Mexico were hungry to despoil their prosperous neighbors. They rose in little bands and cried, Viva Madero! Viva Revolution! And, as an afterthought, they cried, Viva Carranza! because behind him was the privilege of selling stolen goods in the United States, and bringing over the border the powder and shot they purchased with the money.

The progress of this "plunderbund" during nearly three years has been made familiar in the news despatches of the daily press. The wholesale looting of rich Mexicans' houses in Mexico City and elsewhere, thoroughly as it has been attended to, has not been the feature of this business which definitely establishes its heartless vandalism. That which does this is the destruction of the homes and the means of subsistence of the poor. There is this to be said of the procedure of Carranza as opposed to that of Villa in this regard: The method of the Carranzistas is a clean sweep; what they cannot carry away or store up for sale they destroy: grain in storage and growing corn in the fields, farm implements, imported farm machinery, immense power plants and railway systems of haciendas, sugar mills, flour mills, cotton mills, house furnishings, costly irrigation systems and great storage reservoirs for water by which alone the arid lands can be made productive, hacienda residences and peon houses—whatever the evil spirit of destruction could vent itself upon—millions of dollars' worth of equipment essential to the agricultural and industrial life of the nation, built up slowly and painfully during more than a half-century. This is the Carranza way. The course of the Villistas, while quite as brutal, has not been one of utter annihilation; they have not made a practice of burning factories, coal mines, warehouses, and the huts and hovels of the poor.

Not much has been printed of this wanton wiping out by the Carranzistas of the industries in which the peons were employed or the confiscation of the crops or the foodstuffs they have raised. In many places in the north, in the center, and in the south utter desolation marks the spot where industrial establishments supplied employment for the peon, and the men Carranza claims as his generals are the ones who have been responsible for it. Revenge has not prompted this miserable work to any great extent. Destructive frenzy and a vicious hope of driving the poor to desperation and to enlistment in the army of destruction are the only assignable causes for these acts. In other respects, in the outrages upon the Church and the Church people, and in the universal desecration of Mexico's womanhood, there is no noticeable difference in the methods of the factions.

Of all the special American investigators who have reported to the Administration on Mexican conditions, the best-informed, and therefore the most dependable, is Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, of the International Peace Forum. There were a few months at the beginning in which Dr. Tupper was not without hope that Carranza would do what Mr. Bryan wished, and he is again to-day, for some reason I do not understand, cherishing the hope that Carranza is the coming man in Mexico. He labored patiently to that end, only to discover that Carranza was merely a

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sign under which a business of unspeakable villainy was carried on.

His discoveries, promptly communicated to Mr. Bryan, proved unwelcome. Dr. Tupper kept on, at his own expense, but his secret advices to Bryan have not yet seen the light of day.

The lawlessness of Carranza's advance agent, Blanco, and his savages when they entered Mexico City in August, 1914, was a vivid demonstration to Dr. Tupper of the awfulness of the thing we were aiding, and he withheld nothing of it from the Secretary of State. He was in Mexico City during the months Carranza was enthroned there. The burlesque of government carried on by the First Chief, the desperate greed of his officers and men and the free hand they were allowed in robbing and killing, the unprintable outrages on churchmen and churchwomen and the debauching and ruin of churches—these things Dr. Tupper reported with exactness to Mr. Bryan at Washington. It was dependable information, and it came with deep regret from Dr. Tupper, who saw the abyss into which we had plunged by the Administration's unwise support of unworthy men.

The reader is now doubtless beginning to ask, If Carranza is a vicious, corrupt, and incapable leader, how did he obtain the money and munitions necessary to carry on his revolutionary campaign?

Carranza started out in March, 1913, with 30,000 pesos, worth then $15,000. Villa had nothing. Where did they and their followers get the $50,000,000 spent with us or now on deposit with our banks and commercial houses?

Ransoms from rich merchants and churchmen, fines, arbitrary export and import duties, gambling-house licenses, etc., etc., raised perhaps $8,000,000. The other $42,000,000 was realized by dealings with us. First, by selling to us all manner of merchantable stuff taken by force from those who owned it. Second, by exchanging their fiat issues of worthless paper currency for the currency of the United States with our border traders, our bankers, and those of us who attempted to do business of any kind beyond the Rio Grande. Official statistics of exports and imports to and from the United States substantiate these assertions. I will content myself with one item. In the year ending June 30, 1911, the last year of normal conditions, our imports from Mexico amounted to $57,000,000. For the year ending June 30, 1915, when three-quarters of the area of Mexico was in turmoil and the inhabitants were starving, our imports from Mexico amounted to $92,000,000. Of this amount substantially all the cattle and coffee and a large part of the hides and henequen, amounting altogether to $47,000,000, were sent to us through revolutionary—that is to say, bandit—venders. This merchandise was taken by force from its rightful owners, and Carranza was a party to the transactions. When we bought it, we knew it to be so; we bought it at lower prices on that account. We knew that for the most part the money we paid for it would be used to buy arms to be employed in killing and coercing people in order that more merchantable stuff might be offered to us at the same favorable rates.

Carranza's deal in the henequen or sisal hemp crop of Yucatan last spring was recorded in large type in our newspapers, but the inside features of it were not disclosed. It was the returns on that trade which provided Carranza with the arms and ammunition which he now threatens us with.

The henequen or sisal hemp crop is a big thing for Yucatan, and figures in Mexico's normal exports at about $20,000,000 yearly. Our hemp crop being a small affair of less than $600,000 annual value, we are dependent entirely on Yucatan henequen to make binding twine for harvesting our wheat. In the gap between our urgent demand and Yucatan's supply Carranza stepped. He decreed a prohibitive export tax on henequen, and sent an army to Progreso, Yucatan's port, to enforce its collection. The henequen planters protested and refused to prepare their goods for shipment. This was what Carranza expected they would do.

We received prompt advices of the henequen deadlock, and our wheat-growers saw ruin staring them in the face; without binding twine the crop could not be harvested. This was a matter of Nation-wide importance, and we acted at once. We sent two warships to Progreso to see to it that the henequen was shipped.

Carranza's position thus strengthened, he opened negotiations with the two co-operative associations of Merida, Yucatan, that regulate the sale and handling of the henequen crop which is the life of that Mexican State. The henequen planters saw the light. They understood that we must have their goods, and they believed that our war-ships would land forces to get them. They met Carranza's terms, accepted his currency in payment

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for their crop, and the deadlock was broken. Our buyers began to receive the hemp and Carranza began to receive our cash for it. He still is receiving it, as the shipments are not yet completed. Nineteen millions of our money had been paid for Yucatan henequen up to June 30, this year. Probably $15,000,000 of it went into the Carranza coffers. Yucatan has made preparation to fight for its rights. Already it has made effort to throw off the Carranza yoke, the most galling any Mexican tyrant ever bent about the necks of his helpless people.

Space at my disposal permits only a glance at the traffic in fiat currency from which Villa and Carranza realized great sums of money. Merchants and bankers along the Texan border are familiar with its volume and operations. Transactions in it have even taken place as far north as New York. The operations in this worthless fiat currency, fresh from the printer whenever needed, were as follows: Carranza and Villa agents placed the fiat notes with American bankers and merchants along the border, who were allowed a liberal commission for exchanging them for United States currency. The fiat notes were bought from the American bankers and merchants by Mexican producers and employers who could use the local fiat currency for their pay-rolls and all local disbursements. The bankers in our border towns found the handling of this currency a source of great profit. Some of our merchants in El Paso and elsewhere along the border declined to participate in trades in which these fiat issues were featured. They protested to our State Department against the iniquitous exchange traffic and commission business of our border banks in these false-weight goods. It is one of the deepest mysteries of the whole Mexican matter that these protests were made in vain.

The most modest estimates of the well-informed indicate that between twenty and thirty millions of dollars have been realized by the faction leaders in exchanging their robbery issues for our honest one. It has been the easiest money bandits ever made. And yet they were not satisfied. They worked out another ingenious scheme for increasing their profits on fiat money.

The method was simple. Charges of counterfeiting would be brought against persons, who invariably would be found guilty and shot. After demonstrating in this way the seriousness of the affair, it was logical to decree that all bills of a certain issue must be presented for verification. Any one found with invalidated bills in his possession or offering them in payment for goods after a certain date would be shot. When you presented your bills for verification, they were pronounced counterfeit. If you protested, one of two things happened: if you were a Mexican or a Spaniard, you nearly always were shot as an accomplice of counterfeiters; if of other nationality, you were laughed at or apologized to as seemed most appropriate to your station in life or your standing just then with the power that was. In any case, you lost your bills.

It is possible that some counterfeiting was done, as the notes were crude affairs easily duplicated; but the greed of Villa's rapid-fire financial men caused them to drop all finesse. One American concern put the system to test. On a certain day its manager sent to the Villa office in Torreon and bought 800 pesos in new paper. The next day he sent five hundred of these pesos back for verification. They were pronounced counterfeit and confiscated. The following day the remaining three hundred pesos were submitted, and met the same fate.

Not many months ago Judge Duval West, sent by the Administration as a special commissioner, made a tour of Mexico and returned with his report. Judge West is from San Antonio, where Mexico is part of the menu at every meal. He visited Villa and Carranza and Zapata and brought to President Wilson a tale of truth that appalled him By this time the alarm had spread through Administration circles and Mr. Bryan's Mexican course was precipitating a Cabinet crisis, when Dr. Henry Allen Tupper's determined stand was taken. Mr. Bryan resigned. The reason assigned for his resignation was the German situation. If he had not left the Cabinet when he did, I believe that sooner or later he would have had to face a serious difference with his colleagues and the country in the Mexican situation.

This rapid sketch of the methods which have ruined Mexico contains not an over-colored picture of the character and methods of Venustiano Carranza. No one can believe that he is the man to save Mexico and to re-establish justice, good order, and political stability in that suffering country—least of all President Wilson and his colleagues. For they now have the facts.

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THE HERR DIRECTOR AND THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT[1]

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

THE Herr Director and the Frau Directorin wished to go to church on Sunday, and after eating a piously late breakfast I spread before them New York City's religious bill of fare, bewildering in its variety and puzzling in its terminology.

I gave them a choice between four varieties of Catholics—Roman, Greek, Old, and Apostolic; more than twice that number of Lutherans, separated one from the other by degrees of orthodoxy and nearness to or farness from their historic confessions.

There were Methodists who were free and those who were Episcopalian, Episcopalians who were not Methodists but were reformed, and those who made no such pretensions; all these invited us to worship with them.

Many varieties of Baptists announced their sermons and services. We might have chosen between those who were free and those who were just Baptists, or between those who were Baptists on the seventh day and those who did not specify the day on which they were Baptists.

We also had a chance to discriminate between Dutch Reformed, German Reformed, or Presbyterian Reformed, and United Presbyterians divided from other Presbyterians (presumably unreformed) for reasons known to the Fathers who died long since.

If we had been radically inclined, we might have browsed among Unitarians or Ethical Culturists, and could even have worshiped among those who make a religion out of not having any.

The most interesting column to the Herr Director was that which contained our exotic cults, those we have imported and those which prove that we have not neglected our home industry.

It was disconcerting to me, who was trying to show off our National spirit, to realize how varied its religious expression is, and the Herr Director got no little amusement out of the story I told him of the student in one of our colleges who, it is said, came to the librarian and asked for a book on "Wild Religions I Have Met." When the librarian suggested that it might be Thompson Seton's book on wild animals, he said it was not in the department of zoölogy, but in philosophy, in which the assignment for the reading was given. The book was quickly found. It was Professor William James's "The Varieties of Religious Experience."

When we succeeded in rescuing the Frau Directorin out of the maze of the Sunday Supplements in which she was entangled, we started in pursuit of a proper place of worship, in anything but a worshipful mood. I was bent upon showing off that which is vastly more difficult to interpret than sky-scrapers; the Herr Director was doubtful that we had any religious spirit at all; and the Frau Directorin mourned the fact that she had to leave behind her so much paper, which might have served such good purposes if she had it at home.

Fifth Avenue recovers something of its departed exclusiveness on Sunday morning; for although the cheaper stores are crowding upon those which never descend to bargain counters, this is not true of the churches. They still are in good repute, and await the stated hour of service on Sunday morning without excitement, having advertised nothing and offering no ecclesiastical bargains; content to live as the birds of the air, whom the Heavenly Father feedeth. The street was almost deserted; here and there a taxi-cab darted on its way to or from the railway station; the hour of the limousines had not yet come, and the people who strolled along were evidently, like ourselves, unfashionable sojourners seeking a tabernacle in Gotham's wilderness.

Sauntering along the street was less interesting than usual, for not only were there no crowds, but the shop windows were all artistically curtained and there was nothing to see. The Frau Directorin did not like it at all, "for what good is it to walk along the shopping streets if you can't look into the shops?"

"You see, my dear," the Herr Director remarked, "that is to help you obey one of the Ten Commandments which womankind is especially prone to break—'Thou shalt not covet.' Incidentally, it proves that we are in a country in which you are allowed to do

[1] An article by Dr. Steiner called "The Herr Director Meets the American Spirit" appeared in The Outlook for April 7 last. A third "Herr Director" article will follow.—THE EDITORS.

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as you please every day and do nothing on Sunday."

"No," I replied; "it merely proves that we are trying to save one day a week from the contamination of our materialistic existence."

"It merely proves," he echoed, "that you have inherited from your Anglo-Saxon ancestors the worst thing they could leave you—their hypocrisy. I stepped behind a curtained bar this morning and found it running at full blast. You evidently do your drinking in private on Sunday, and your praying in public. You know, we in Germany do the opposite."

"No; you do your praying and drinking both in public, and both seem to be a part of your religion," I answered. "Very likely you are right. There is about us this taint of hypocrisy; but that only shows that we are a deeply religious people, conscious of the fact that our ideals are upon a higher plane than our performance. We are not as eager as you are to proclaim our frailties from the house-top.

"The average American wants you to believe him to be a pretty decent fellow till you find him out to be different; while you Germans make a virtue of a certain kind of brutal frankness which is worse than hypocrisy, since you try to make it an excuse for all sorts of private and national sins. The real criminal is never a hypocrite."

I do not know what would have happened to me if at that moment we had not reached St. Patrick's Cathedral. The full, rich organ notes seemed to soothe the Herr Director's ruffled spirit, and our discussion ended as we entered the welcoming portal.

In a church which in all places and all ages remains the same there was nothing for my guests to see or hear to which they were not accustomed. There was the priest, alone with the great mystery which he was enacting, and by his side the diminutive ministrants. The crowd which filled every available space in that huge interior was silent and reverent. Now the tinkling of a bell, like a command from heaven, bade all kneel, and now the same bell bade them rise. The incense, the stately chant, and then the hushed, expectant throng going forward to partake from the priest's hand of the means of grace, which he alone could offer in the name of the one Holy Catholic Church—all this could not fail to impress us.

Into the august and solemn atmosphere there came from a near-by church the chimed notes of a hymn tune such as the people once sang defiantly when they proclaimed their religious freedom. It was a spiritual war tune which soldiers could sing, and, strangely enough, it seemed to fit into this atmosphere as if it were the one thing which the service needed. It recalled the self-assertion of the people before their God—their man God, who was born in a stable, who worshiped as he worked, and worked as he worshiped, hurling his anathemas at those who blocked the gates of the kingdom to those who would enter, yet did not enter themselves.

Evidently the Herr Director felt as I felt, for he whispered to me, "The Reformation." When I nodded my approval, he said: "But see how unmoved she is, this rock-founded Church. It will take something more than hymn tunes to disturb her."

We left the Cathedral while the hungry multitude was being fed with the Sacrament of our Lord; and our spirits, too, had been fed, although we were not of that fold.

While the Roman Catholics were finishing their worship the Protestants were making ready to begin. The first bells had chimed appealingly, not commandingly, and a thin stream of worshipers appeared on the avenue, growing thinner as it divided, entering one or the other of those edifices where men were to worship according to the dictates of their conscience, their taste, or their social position.

Many strangers like ourselves were looking critically at the church bulletins, as yesterday we had looked into the show windows, and it was the Frau Directorin who said that she felt as if she were going shopping for religion.

The Herr Director said that he had no objection to our inventing or importing as many religions as we pleased, but he did object to our exporting any, for we were making the task of regulating and controlling them very difficult. Moreover, he did not see how we could develop any kind of common National ideals with such a confusion of religions. "You have, or pretend to have, a democratic government, and your strongest church is monarchic to the core."

I had to admit that religiously we are a very chaotic people, and that we are daily adding to that chaos; yet these facts might prove what I had been trying to make clear to him—that this is fundamentally a religious country, and that as a whole we are the most religious people in the world. I supported this statement by quoting a good German

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authority, the late Professor Lamprecht, who thought we have a great future as a people, because we are "capable of religious improvement."

"Improvement!" The Herr Director sniffed derisively. "Wherever I look I see improvements: churches turned into theaters, theaters into churches, and residences which are still perfectly good turned into sky-scrapers. Chaos is not an improvement upon order. Nothing is finished, nothing complete, not even your religion."

Just then we were compelled to pass along a wooden walk, from which we looked into a canyon blasted out of the rock, upon which still stood the foundation of the house which was being turned into a sky-scraper.

"You see, that is the way we improve; we go deeper each time," I remarked.

"But in religion," the Herr Director retorted, "you do not go deeper, you go higher, and that is no improvement."

For the second time the chimes were pealing, and we entered a sanctuary of friendly yet dignified English Gothic. An usher who looked very American and well fed and out of place guided us to our pew in the more than half empty church, from which nothing was missing in the way of ecclesiastical furnishings. One thing it lacked, and that no architect can build and no money can buy—spirit.

The organ was played by a master, the processional was splendidly staged, the rector looked prosperously pious, prayers were read and confessions uttered without any disquieting spiritual agony, and the anthems were correctly sung by the picturesque boys' choir. The curate preached a sermon on manliness—a sermon so thin and emasculated that even the Frau Directorin, whose English is limited, could understand it, and she said she would like to come again "for the good English."

I left the church deeply disappointed, and to the Herr Director's taunts about "improvements" I did not reply, realizing more than ever how difficult and dangerous is this task of introducing the *spirit*, especially when one tries to do it in a church.

No clergyman can spoil the whole of Sunday, for there is always the dinner, and, having found a *table d'hôte* in harmony with the Herr Director's national and religious ideals, we continued our discussion somewhat fitfully, if at times rather vehemently.

One of the things the Herr Director missed in the church where we tried to worship was reverence. He missed it everywhere, and thought it due to the fact that we do not teach religion in the public schools.

This was rather amusing to me, for just prior to that statement he had told of one of his nephews who, upon approaching his final examinations, said, "If it were not for this accursed religion, I could get through without trouble;" and I called his attention to the fact that, although I had no difficulty with my "exams" in religion, invariably having an *Ausgezeichnet*, which is equivalent to an A, I was always *schlecht* in conduct.

I had found religious instruction a very irreligious procedure, for the man who taught it was irreligious enough to whip me so that I could not lie upon my back for a week, the cause being that I would not say yes to his *credo*. Moreover, I told the Herr Director that I thought all religious instruction futile which did not teach the child its whole duty to society, but taught religion from only the narrowing racial or sectarian standpoint.

Religion, I pointed out to him, can, after all, not be taught; it has to be caught. It is a contagion which comes from a spiritual personality, and our public schools are not religious or irreligious because certain subjects are found or not found in their curricula, but because the teachers have this spiritual personality or lack it. I am convinced that the present methods predominate in our public schools, not only because so many of our teachers are women, but because we are fundamentally a religious people. At this point I became conscious that the attention of the Herr Director and the Frau Directorin had flagged, for their response to my homily was an eloquent tribute to the tenderness of the breast of a Long Island duck which they had been enjoying while I talked. As they were consequently in a lenient mood toward the world in general and the United States in particular, I renewed my laudable and difficult effort, and, as is often best, through the medium of a story.

At the time the elective system was introduced into Harvard University attendance upon chapel was made voluntary. "I understand," said a severe critic of this procedure, "that you have made God elective in your college."

"No," replied the astute President, "I understand that God has made himself elective everywhere."

The point of my story was lost upon both my guests. When I paused, the Frau Direc-

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torin asked me how it was possible to serve so lavish a bill of fare for so little money, and the Herr Director asked the waiter why they called this a *Long* Island duck when the portions were so short? Thus the conviction was forced upon me that our environment was not conducive to the discussion of the American spirit, and that I must await a more auspicious occasion.

Late in the afternoon that occasion came; not on Fifth Avenue, but on one of those streets where churches are fewest and humanity thickest, where Sunday brings liberation from toil, where cleanliness and godliness have an equally difficult task in coming or abiding, where nations and races must mingle and cannot easily blend, where the America which is to be is in the making, and where the spirit must manifest itself if we are to be a nation with common ideals.

I like to show off the East Side of New York City. I glory in its self-respect, its brave struggle against poverty and disease, its bright children filling all the available space and asserting their childhood by playing in the busy streets, defying its noisy traffic. They make of each hurdy-gurdy the center of a great festival, dancing as the elves are said to dance, because it is their nature to.

I like to point out the faces of patriarchs, prophets, and Madonnas—faces seamed by care and sorrow, yet lighted by a divine radiance, and as unconscious of it as were those upon whom it shone in such fullness on that great East Side of the universe which we now call the Holy Land.

I like to have my friends meet my East Side friends—the young working-girls who dress in good taste, help support a family, and maintain an unstained character in spite of small wages and the temptations of a great city. I like them to meet the growing boys who are hungry for the best the city holds, and who dream the dream of making the East Side in particular and New York in general a better place in which to live.

I am never ashamed to take my friends into the tenement-houses, except as I am ashamed that they exist at all, with their stenches and the dearly bought space, with twenty-four hours of darkness and no free access of air. Of the people who live within I am never ashamed, for they are the brave ones to whom labor is prayer and living a sacrifice. I like best to show off the East Side of New York on Sunday, for here it is most welcomed, with its respite from labor, its chance at clean clothes, its opportunity to visit and be once more something more than a machine.

On Fifth Avenue the Sabbath is made for the tourists, on the East Side it is made for man; on Fifth Avenue God seems hard to find, on the East Side he comes down upon the street. They are indeed worse than infidels who do not feel his spirit brooding over the crowd and his guardian angels watching over those children, else how could they survive? Best of all, I know where these angels live, and it is there I took the Herr Director and the Frau Directorin; I was sure they would never leave the place doubting that we are a religious people. Evidently the children also knew where their angels live, for the place was in a state of siege. It is not strange that they knew, for their ancestors had walked and talked with angels, and they were not yet old enough to have lost the faith of their fathers. Troops of children there were, mere children carrying children; and where there was an only child, which is rare on the East Side, it was brought by a grandfather and grandmother, children themselves now, and old enough to believe again in angels.

There were flowers in the room, and they were for the children; bowers of roses, red roses, wafting their incense and driving out the moldy tenement-house air which clung to the children. There was music, and the children sang, and they sang as I know God wanted them to sing—gay, happy songs, children's songs which seem to be denied the children who sing in the churches.

How I wished that the picturesque little choir-boys on Fifth Avenue who sang sixteenth-century music and Augustinian theology might have had a chance to sing as these East Side children sang—full-throated, lustily, joyously; songs which made them shiver from very joy, and which made the Frau Directorin weep copious tears.

How I wished that the priest who chanted psalms in Latin and the other priest who intoned them in English as dead as Latin could have been there and have heard those children recite the same psalms in East Side English. Yes, I have often wished that David himself might hear them; I am sure he would be proud that he had a share in writing them, even as the priests might be ashamed that they had never known just what precious reading they are.

No one preached to the children, although

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they heard the good tidings; and no one told them to be good, although they were given a chance to know how good God is when men give him a chance.

There was a sacrament, a holy one; roses were given the children, and the angels who gave them shed their blood, for the roses had thorns. The next week the children were to be taken where the roses grew, and they would see that

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of Peace."

But they would not have to see the garden to know that God is.

We broke bread with the angels and looked into their joyously weary faces, and then we talked about the very thing that I wanted my guests to know, namely, that underneath all our religious, or rather creedal, chaos we have a National creed if not a National religion.

The Herr Director suggested that the fundamental doctrine of our creed is "in gold we trust," and then he began a dissertation upon our National materialism.

Perhaps he was right, I conceded; but I doubted that we are more materialistic than the people of the older world—in fact, I was inclined to believe that we are less so; which, of course, the Herr Director stoutly denied and I as stoutly affirmed. In justice to myself, I must say that when I am not showing off my country I am not quite so dogmatic.

"Perhaps we are not less materialistic," I continued, "but we are certainly more generous. We make money faster than the people of the Old World, but we also give it away faster, and I believe that there is no country in which there is such a contempt for the merely rich man."

"I suppose the second article in your National creed," the Herr Director interrupted, "is that you are the biggest country and the best people under the sun. If I were suggesting a motto for a new coinage, I would put on one side of it, 'In Gold We Trust,' and on the other, 'The Biggest and the Best.'"

Ignoring this somewhat merited slur, I said: "The first and only doctrine of our National creed which we have as yet formulated is that we have a great National destiny."

At that the Herr Director jumped excitedly from his seat and said, somewhat sneeringly: "Oh, you mean you have a place under the sun. All nations have such a creed, but when we Germans try to realize it you call us a menace to civilization.'"

It was a tense moment in my relationship to my guests, but I ventured to say: "We have a better reason for the faith which is in us than most other nations, for we are trying to realize it without killing off other people. In fact, we are trying to realize it at a greater hazard than that of being conquered by an alien enemy. We are keeping open these doors, which have swung both ways freely for nearly three hundred years, and your Old World weary ones have been coming, bringing their traditions, their ideals, their worn-out faiths, and their heaped-up wrath. We did not forbid them; they have come to our towns, our schools, our homes; they are here for better, for worse, and we cannot divorce them or drive them away.

"Yes," I continued, much to the discomfiture of the Herr Director, "we *have* a meaning to the Old World, a larger meaning than you think. We have a place under the sun, not to satisfy National ambitions, but to keep alive faith in humanity; and, if you want to know it, that is the second article of our National creed: faith in humanity."

The angels around the table were disquieted by our discussion, the Frau Directorin urged that it was growing late, and we left that center of quiet which we had so disturbed to return to our hotel. We entered a street car crowded beyond its capacity by burly Irishmen the worse for liquor, good-natured Slavs none the better for it, aggressive-looking Russian Jews, and sleek Chinamen. There were mothers with their crying babies and thoughtless boys and girls viciously chewing gum. After the Herr Director and the Frau Directorin had been jostled most unmercifully, we left the uncomfortable car, and when we were again breathing unpolluted air the Herr Director asked, quizzically:

"Do you still believe in humanity?"

Boldly and bravely I answered, "Yes, I believe;" and, lifting my face to the stars, I whispered, "Lord, help my unbelief."

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THE NEW NOVELS

THE novel has gone into business so often that fiction has become in many cases a trade instead of an art; but it still has many practitioners to whom it is a calling and not a form of catering. To Mr. Galsworthy the writing of a story is a fine art, for the practice of which he had a thorough training. In a revolutionary period such as we are passing through energy and vehemence count for more than art. The "live wire" and "hot from the bat" are phrases suggestive of the interest of an hour and of a crowd; but art bides its time and has its revenge. It holds the stage long after the emotionalists and "lightning-change" actors have vanished into the flies. Mr. Galsworthy is as contemporary as the most up-to-date writer of journalistic fiction; but he has ripeness, charm, distinction. He is a moralist, but he is an artist; and so far his instinct has held him to his vocation. He belongs to the generation of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett, but he has more concentration, more poise and delicacy of feeling, than the author of "Ann Veronica," and more imagination, passion, insight, than the author of "The Price of Love." The injustices of life strike his heart, and in play and story he is absorbed in the tragedy that springs out of social and industrial conditions. But so far he has kept his poise, his detachment, his sense of art values, and has escaped the danger of changing his vocation from art to reform.

Born of an ancestry rooted in three of the loveliest shires in England, educated at Harrow and at Oxford, he received the impress of the patrician tradition which has cost the people of England too much, but has bred men and women of a type possible only when the selective process has been carried on for centuries. He read law long enough to hate it, and then traveled to the outskirts of the Empire, to the United States, through Europe. He had leisure and he had means; circumstances set him free to choose his goal and pursue it without hindrances.

He was fortunate in his freedom, and he was still more fortunate in the warmth of his human interests and in his love of work. He is still a young man, and he has published seven or eight novels, ten plays, several volumes of essays, and a book of verse. Such industry means character as well as freedom to follow one's bent.

"The Man of Property," "The Country House," "Fraternity," "The Patrician," bore the marks of deep seriousness and of distinction of taste and feeling. "The Freelands"[1] presents a broader canvas; it is bathed in the loveliness of rural England, and gets its poignancy from the contrast between the sordid lives of the farm laborers and the exquisite setting of a landscape unrivaled in the beauty created by centuries of human labor in partnership with a climate which carries the rose to the rooftree and makes time and change artists of the beautiful.

The land question is the theme of the story, and it is presented in a hundred lights and shadows; it is not solved. The writer is an artist, not a reformer; but he is all the more effective because he lets conditions make their own impression.

But "The Freelands" lives in its human interest, its beautiful portraiture, its elusive glimpses of the secret and inarticulate influences that play on the spirits of men, its brilliancy of line in portraying the splendid inheritance of privilege, its power of suggesting the unspoken thought of those who have never learned how to speak.

As a painter of old women of the old-lace order Mr. Galsworthy is without a rival in contemporary fiction, and his portrait of Frances Freeland is masterly in its deftness and delicacy. Since the love-making in Richard Feverel's captivating romance there has been no story of innocent young passion more naïve and appealing than that which runs like a golden thread through "The Freelands." Nor has the loveliness of the English landscape found a happier art than that which gives the pages of this story a freshness and perfume as of June mornings.

One is in another world in Mr. Robert Grant's "The High Priestess"[2]—a world less ripe and far more self-conscious. The air in which the story moves is thinner and the characters have more cleverness and brightness but less substance. They move with more agility, but they have not the depth of rootage of their English contem-

[1] The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

[2] The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

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poraries. The light is high and life is incessantly articulate; one is reminded of the remark of the woman who said that she believed in God until she tried to define him. "The High Priestess" tries to define and rationalize life, but life is too deep for her rationalistic method. It comes to the surface, and the richness of those unspoken things in which the spirit lives escapes and leaves a certain sense of futility and barrenness in its place.

Mary Arnold is a girl of large ability, and she marries a man of solid character, with a slower but more elemental mind. He is also a man of generous intelligence, and gives the woman he marries plenty of air and room for growth. They both have high ideals of marriage, and the wife attempts to organize their relations on the basis of efficiency. She rationalizes it to such a degree that it ceases to be a marriage and becomes a copartnership. Every true marriage is a copartnership, but it is a great deal more; it must be rooted in something deeper than co-operation for effectiveness if it is to be the spiritual symbol and mystery it has always been and always must be.

In "Unleavened Bread" Mr. Grant made a striking study of the ambitious woman of thin nature, lacking the great endowments of imagination and passion, hard, cold, superficial; the type of the cheap climber whom conditions in new and prosperous communities foster and nourish. Mary Arnold is neither hard nor superficial at the start, but she makes her married life both hard and superficial by reducing it to a basis of contract. It ceases to be a marriage and becomes a working arrangement between an able lawyer and a successful architect. The wife starves the husband, puts another woman in her place, and is astounded by the tragedy for which she has herself set the stage.

The tragedy does not go beyond the prelude, but it shatters the artificial and unnatural, mechanical arrangement which the wife has blindly substituted for the order of nature. The story is broadly sympathetic with the enlargement of the activities of women in the world, but it strikes a note of warning. It is a very restrained and delicate working out of the attempt to ignore the tremendous part which the element of sex plays in life—an attempt due in a measure to false education and to the failure to recognize in its mystery something deeper and more fundamental than the way of the reproductive instinct. It needs to be plainly said that repulsion from this great mystery is not a sign of superior purity or refinement, but of thinness of nature. The warning of this able novel is put in a phrase: "If the modern woman tries to tinker with nature, she's bound to come a cropper."

Mr. Grant is a thorough craftsman whose work has both substance and form. "The High Priestess" is necessarily a story in which analysis plays a very important part; at times it holds back the flow of the story, but it is penetrating and illuminating. This novel is too long, but it will command the attention of those readers to whom fiction is one of the great arts.

"The Money Master"[1] is a sad story if gladness depends on wedding bells and unbroken prosperity; it is a heartening story if the emergence of good out of evil and the development of generous character strengthen one's faith in beneficence and dignity of life. It is heartening also because it shows such an advance of the later work of Sir Gilbert Parker. In returning to the country of his earlier stories this brilliant but sometimes mechanical writer becomes sincere, direct, sympathetic. The story is full of movement and color; it is a romance in which the character drawing is unusually powerful and subtle.

Jean Jacques Barbille, of the Parish of St. Saviour, owner of farms, mills, mortgages, at once Catholic and philosopher—*Moi, je suis philosophe*—is a real creation of observation and the imagination, the unfolding of whose character is the motive of a story which loses no faintest point of dramatic interest because analysis plays so large a part in it. The background in the little French-Canadian community is sketched with delightful skill, and the story is unfolded in the air of romance without any sacrifice of the realism which is as sharply differentiated from literature as a landscape of Corot's from a road map. In "The High Priestess" the wife starves the husband; in "The Money Master" the husband starves the wife.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris has a deep interest in the idealism which is latent in the most arduous and unpromising conditions of life. She finds joy in showing how this idealism, expressing itself in resistance to lowering conditions and in loyalty to the higher possibilities, escapes early limitations. In "The

[1] The Money Master. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

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Story of Julia Page"[1] she tells the story of a handsome, precocious little girl, the daughter of a weak and cheap father and of a discontented, slovenly, and equally weak mother, living in a little flat over a saloon in San Francisco. The life in the flat is described with a detail which is evidently based on first-hand observation, and its crudity and vulgarity are uncompromisingly reproduced. At fifteen Julia is pert, clever, undisciplined, quick-witted, and "common;" but she has an instinct for refinement, and she gains admission to the society of a group of women very differently circumstanced. She not only discovers what good breeding is, but she also discovers her own crudities and vulgarities, and there is born in her an overwhelming desire to become "a lady."

Her progress towards this goal through a settlement house and through a different group of associations is very realistically described, and finally she reaches an open door in the devotion of a young physician. At fifteen, when she was ignorant and without standards, she once took that misstep which is so generally fatal in a woman's life. She tells the story to her lover. He marries her in spite of it, but he is not quite big enough to forget. The record of his lack of largeness, of her remorse, and of her discipline completes the history of her evolution from a cheap girl into a generous, sweet-natured, fine woman, rich in all the best qualities of womanhood, developed by suffering. She pays the price and her husband pays it as well; but in the end love triumphs, though there always remains the unhappy memory.

Ten years ago Fourth Avenue in New York City was a neighborhood; now it is a thoroughfare. Then there were blocks of modest stores and little shops, and the people who owned them and often lived over them were neighbors and formed a little community. Between Twenty-third Street and the tunnel one could find Otto Kling, who sells old furniture in "Felix O'Day,"[2] and Kitty Cleary, the expressman's warm-hearted Irish wife, and the grocer, the florist, the baker—kindly people who stood together in time of trouble and, in humble conditions, were cheerful, happy, and full of individuality.

It was characteristic of Hopkinson Smith that he should set Felix O'Day, an Irish gentleman fallen upon evil days, to work out his problem among these simple, wholesome people, unspoiled by wealth and free from the sordidness of poverty. For in Hopkinson Smith's novels one always meets two types of people: the thoroughbred gentleman who fears nothing but dishonor, and the clean, strong working man and woman of elemental integrity and courage. The deep sympathy with honest work and uncompromising self-respect which made this warm-hearted and tireless novelist and painter one of the most lovable men of his time, as he was one of the most variously gifted, discovered by instinct the essential identity of two types of character widely separated by circumstances but akin in loyalty to the ideals of high-minded chivalry.

Thackeray, of whom Hopkinson Smith wrote in manly tenderness, was pre-eminently the painter of the gentleman in English fiction; and to Hopkinson Smith belongs the distinction of a kindred achievement in American fiction. Colonel Carter and Peter are types of the thoroughbred who appears in every story that came from the strong, sensitive hand that will write no more.

Felix O'Day is one of these finely toned men, living on terms of equality with simple-hearted folk who are at perfect ease with him even when they suspect that he has temporarily laid aside a title. The plot is simple and not without a touch of the melodramatic, and the story has the overflowing kindness of "The Christmas Carol."

Mr. Archibald Marshall's "The Old Order Changeth"[1] (a title, by the way, already used in an American novel by Mr. W. A. White) seems to us distinctly the best of the four or five novels Mr. Marshall has put forth since "Exton Manor." It has the charm and atmosphere of English country life, together with the gentle humor that endeared "Exton Manor" to discriminating readers who care for manner and quality rather than for excitement. It has also what has been lacking in some of the stories which followed Mr. Marshall's first book—a strong central situation. This turns round the conflict between the old aristocracy of an English countryside, where family and tradition still hold social ascendency, and the new order as represented by the incursion of the family of a self-made millionaire, one Armitage Brown, who buys the estate of a bankrupt young nobleman. So far the position is one often

[1] The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.
[2] Felix O'Day. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

[1] The Old Order Changeth. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.35.

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met in fiction; where the author develops strength and definite power is in making his millionaire, not at all a vulgar upstart, but a man of ability, full of resource, and not above learning his new business of dealing with tenants, with the landed gentry, and even with the to him totally new traditions of what he calls feudalism. On the whole, Mr. Brown does very well in his attempts to introduce the "new order" of business efficiency, and at the end one feels that he and his family have fairly well established themselves socially, and have become a recognized power in the land. Mr. Brown learns also as well as teaches; nothing is finer in the book than the way in which old Squire Clinton, after the outbreak of the war, shows the magnate, who is thinking of the war only as a financial loss, what his duty is as an Englishman and a patriot and a leader in the county. Thus we have under the stress of national danger a fine union of the old order of aristocracy and culture and the new order of energy and efficiency.

Apart from its subject, "The Old Order Changeth" is delightful in its quality—mellow, kindly, and sympathetic. It well sustains an English critic's description of Mr. Marshall as "one of the most pleasantly human of living novelists."

We have already briefly noted the appearance of Mr. Anthony Hope's "A Young Man's Year."[1] It is an agreeable picture of modern English life as seen by a young London barrister in one year. At the outset Anthony Lisle "was in London, he was young, he was ready—and nothing happened." But things soon do happen, both professionally and socially. Most interesting are the side glimpses of English courts and lawyers, and especially the character of one fine and lovable old English judge. In theatrical affairs also Anthony has some enlightening and amusing experiences. Socially Anthony suffers the shock of the elopement of a young and gracious married kinswoman whom he respectfully adores at a distance, and the author's ability is nowhere better seen than in making his readers admire the radiant and vividly brilliant Bernedette despite her rather cold-blooded desertion of her child to escape from a dull and loveless husband.

Altogether "A Young Man's Year" is unusual in the variety of its characters and incidents, and, if not powerful, is certainly eminently readable.

Mrs. Humphry Ward builds up her new novel, "Eltham House,"[1] around an interesting social parallel. She recalls the famous days of Holland House, and of the great *salon* built up by Lady Holland. It was frequented by England's most brilliant *men* but ignored by most English women of social standing because Lady Holland had eloped from her first husband and had married Lord Holland after a divorce. Finally, recalling the fact that Lord Holland himself was decidedly *persona grata* at Court, in politics, and in aristocratic social circles, Mrs. Ward asks what would happen to-day under similar circumstances. The theme is treated with dignity and refinement, and with more depth and poignancy than Mrs. Ward has often exhibited; in the young wife, inherently noble and sincere despite her one great fault, we have a figure which deeply appeals to sympathy, a pathetic and real creation; in the young husband, who soon becomes Lord Wing and master of Eltham House, a faithful rendering of ambition, willfulness, and rebellion against the limits which his marriage puts upon his aspiration. There is a little too much emphasis on the grandeur and surpassing wealth of Eltham House—Lord Wing can't remember whether he has sixteen or seventeen country houses, and his pictures and antiques would furnish a dozen museums; but aside from a few minor defects the book is a vigorous and moving study of a great moral tragedy, as well as a carefully worked out study of English political and social life to-day. It has more direct force and vitality than anything Mrs. Ward has done for some time.

[1] A Young Man's Year. By Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

[1] Eltham House. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Hearst's International Library Company, New York. $1.35.

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THE READER'S VIEW

GREATER OBSTACLES, BUT NOT LESS ENTHUSIASM

In a recent number I read with somewhat of a shock what Dr. Abbott had to say about the Salvation Army—that "its street processions and Gospel hall meetings are now maintained, if at all, by a momentum derived from an emotional enthusiasm of the past."

In a recent number of the "War Cry," the editor replied to this criticism in the inclosed editorial. But in order to satisfy my own mind and heart I ran through another issue of the "Cry" and cut out the inclosed corps reports of enthusiastic open-air and hall meetings, which certainly do not bear out your criticism, and they can be duplicated from any issue of the "War Cry."

It is not so easy to reach the crowd as it was in the early days for a variety of reasons. An old officer whom I knew in my early Army days told me recently that the cheap "movies" now capture the crowd. "When you and I were captains in New England," said he, "the crowds would follow us from the street to our hall, but now they go to the five and ten cent 'movies.'" We suffer from these, as an Episcopal rector told me some time ago he suffered from automobiles, which robbed him of his congregation.

Again, the churches are freer and more wide-awake now than when the Army began work in this country. Only last Sunday I was in a little church where an orchestra with six violins, several brass and other instruments was furnishing the regular music every Sunday.

We are not so full of passion and desire as we ought to be in view of God's great goodness and mercy to us and of the vast needs of men all about us, but we are still at work on the old lines, with the old fire still burning in our hearts. * * *

DIVIDENDS, GOLD, AND PRICES

I have read with pleasure the very interesting article which appeared in your issue of September 8 entitled "The Gold of the World," by William Atherton Du Puy. In this article Mr. Du Puy states that, "measured in the food and clothing that it will buy, a ten-dollar gold piece is to-day worth about as much as seven dollars was twenty years ago." If this is true, and I do not doubt that it is, the differences between former and present prices of "food and clothing" are accounted for, and so may be explained other higher prices, such as those for labor. That they should be higher than they were twenty years ago owing to the enormous increase in the production of gold and consequent decrease in its value is not only right but inevitable.

It is a fact, however, that some prices have not advanced, conspicuous among which are those for transportation, partly due to Governmental control. It is not my intention to dwell upon the subject of low transportation rates and the consequent effect upon dividends, but to call your attention to the lower buying power of present dividends at the same rates as those paid twenty years ago.

On the basis that gold can buy only seventy per cent of what it could twenty years ago:

8%	on par now	can buy only	as much as	5.6%	20 years ago
7%	"	"	"	4.9%	"
6%	"	"	"	4.2%	"
5%	"	"	"	3.5%	"
4%	"	"	"	2.8%	"

Therefore—

11.42%	on par now	can buy only	as much as	8%	20 years ago
10.00%	"	"	"	7%	"
8.57%	"	"	"	6%	"
7.14%	"	"	"	5%	"
5.71%	"	"	"	4%	"

Without artificial interference all prices will adjust themselves to the value of gold, even the prices or rates of dividends and interest on securities. Should they not be allowed to do so?

Glen Cove, New York. DAVID C. HALSTED.

ALCOHOL AND INSURANCE

On my return after an extended absence I have just had an opportunity to read the communication of Edward A. Hobbs in The Outlook of August 11, criticising the conclusions of my article of June 30 entitled "Is Moderate Drinking Justified? The Answer of Life Insurance," also the logical reply to Mr. Hobbs's communication by Mr. J. L. Campbell, of El Paso, Texas. If agreeable, I crave the space for a short reply to Mr. Hobbs's letter.

I note that Mr. Hobbs says that my conclusions would be "overwhelmingly convincing admitting that the statistics are true."

The conclusions in my article were not based upon theory, but upon actual experience of four life insurance companies with two classes of risks—total abstainers and moderate drinkers—covering periods of observation from thirty to sixty years. He refers to the companies that have kept these records as "small British ones," but they were big enough to secure experiences covering tens of thousands of lives, quite sufficient to provide accurate bases for comparisons. These experiences are accepted as reliable and authoritative by the Actuarial Society of America, and have been quoted by numerous actuaries.

In casting doubt upon the reliability of the statistics Mr. Hobbs, of course, impeaches the integrity of the companies that publish the same. Of course it is absurd to do so, for these British companies are under strict Government supervision, and they have made settlements regularly for years with heirs of policy-holders upon the

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basis of the rates for the two classes, and invariably the average death rate of the moderate drinkers' class has been greatly in excess of the total abstainers' class.

Mr. Hobbs doubts the possibility of keeping track of the drinking habits of policy-holders after the policies are written. I do not know what methods these companies have, but whether they trace them or not the fact remains that the death rate for each class remains about the same, and as their habits as to the use of alcohol are the only record that differentiates the classes, and as the records of all companies agree that the non-drinkers are a very superior risk, to say that there may be some other cause of the superior longevity of the non-drinkers when there is no other agreement in life record is unreasonable. It is, of course, possible that drinkers may sign and keep an abstinence pledge, also that non-drinkers may acquire the alcohol habit, but both contingencies would be rare and would balance each other.

It is a fact that very few people who have not acquired the alcohol habit before they reach the age of twenty-four take to their cups in later life. According to social usage the total abstainer, in refusing to drink, does so from principle, and such people rarely acquire the drink habit.

As to the possibility of insurance companies keeping record of changed habits of policy-holders in the abstainers' section, nothing could be easier. A policy is a contract, and the company could specify therein that the insured shall annually report any change of habits, with penalty for misrepresentation. This would be a simple business proposition, and non-drinkers would thus be given the benefit of the reduced rates or increased dividends earned by their abstemiousness, and not be required, as now, to carry the burden of the inferior life risks of their bibulous neighbors.

Jersey City, New Jersey. SAMUEL WILSON.

RECRIMINATIONS BETWEEN THE EUROPEAN NATIONS AT WAR

In the first few months of the European cataclysm newspaper reports and more or less unconnected articles were widely circulated which told of the cruelties of warfare both against combatants and non-combatants. A few times one or the other one of the belligerent governments took official notice of such alleged cruelties, but only in special instances, with no attempt to bring the accusations into a more permanent form. Belgium has, of course, been the hotbed of contentions. Though in France a book has been edited by Professor Bédier containing documents strongly anti-German, probably no publication has received as wide a circulation and has been as frequently commented upon as the so-called "Belgian Atrocity Report" sponsored by Viscount Bryce. The German Government has delayed publications of a similar nature. But recently a report was published on the conduct of the Russians in East Prussia, and now elaborate documents have appeared bearing on the Belgian situation. These documents chiefly deal with the *franc-tireur* war in Belgium. In these papers many of the German actions in Belgium which have brought about strong resentment in this country are directly traced to the *franc-tireur* war. In the completeness and in the character of the affidavits the German publication exhibits the same thoroughness which has proved its effectiveness in many other directions. The bulk of the affidavits have apparently been taken within a short time after the occurrences, and certainly a long time before the Bryce report was published. The neutral observer would, as a consequence, be inclined to balance these two reports against each other.

It is not our intention to decry or to commend the publication of such reports. They are there for everybody to read who wishes to read them, and they are recognized by everybody as *ex parte* presentations of occurrences that everybody is unquestionably sorry for. When this last German report reached us, we thought that it might be written about in somewhat the same form as the Bédier pamphlet has recently been written about in The Outlook. The editors of The Outlook were kind enough to encourage us to write such an article, as they wished to approach these questions "with an open mind." But, on second thought, we are persuaded that it can serve no purpose to meet accusation with accusation or denial with denial or assertion with assertion. We have rather concluded that the interest of our common humanity would better be served by not spreading the charges made from every side. May we, therefore, be permitted to say that we do not believe that one should at this time single out any of the belligerent nations for accusations of atrocities and excesses unfortunately always incidental to war? Do you not think it most remarkable, considering that nearly twelve million men are now active on various battlefields, that we have heard so little about outrages? In times of peace, when no weapons of destruction are generally accessible, and when passions are largely controlled, the yearly cases of lawless conduct amount, according to the generally accepted statistical figures, to three and one-half per cent of the total population. It appears, at least to us, that the sense of responsibility constantly impressed upon their soldiers by the leaders of all modern armies had diminished even the small percentage of excesses which we, of necessity, should have to reckon with in armies so vast in numbers.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY LEAGUE,
O. J. Merkel, Executive Secretary.
New York City.

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BY THE WAY

A salesman wished to interest the late Sir William Horne in some machinery for his Cuban estates. A friend gave him these "points:" "If Sir William sits and listens, cut your visit short. If he rises, continue your argument. If he puts one leg on his desk, fire in your facts in short, sharp sentences. If he climbs up on the desk and sits tailorwise on both legs, he has confidence in you and your goods and will accept your price if it is within reason." The salesman used the advice to such good effect that after the interview he telegraphed to his friend: "He was up on the desk with both feet."

Is beauty the first and most important question in a girl's life—more vital than social, business, or moral problems? The comparative number of letters sent to the editor of a popular woman's magazine would indicate that it is. Last year, says the "Ladies' Home Journal," 9,846 girls wrote to it about beauty problems; only 1,776 asked advice as to other personal problems—"the throbbing vital questions that beset the social and business life of the modern girl."

Donald B. Macmillan, writing in "Harper's Magazine" of his search for "Crocker Land," praises his Eskimo dogs in these words: "It is my earnest belief that no animal or machine known can do the work that an Eskimo dog can do on an equal amount of food or fuel." After going without food for two days on one occasion, the dogs lay down quietly and went to sleep; "not a whine or a bark, or a look in our direction, indicated that they were hungry."

A cargo that will bring happiness to many children during the approaching holidays was recently landed at New York. It consisted of many thousands of dollars' worth of toys, which had been intended for the Christmas season of 1914, but were held up at Rotterdam for nearly a year.

Locomotive engineers are being appealed to by influential railway journals to abate the whistling nuisance. Railway officials, it is said, have been trying for half a century to stop unnecessary whistling, and the enginemen are now asked to help. Perhaps the next appeal should be to the manufacturers of locomotives. If a less powerful whistle were attached to the engines, such as is used on European locomotives, the cure of the nuisance would be automatic and self-enforcing.

Doctors are so often the subject of newspaper gibes that it is fair to reprint this gentle rejoinder from a member of the profession, as reported by an exchange: The Doctor: "Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once." His Wife: "What is the matter with the boy?" The Doctor: "I do not know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."

Stonehenge, the great prehistoric structure on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire, England, has, the cable announces, been sold at auction to a private owner. The failure to secure this celebrated remnant of Great Britain's earliest antiquity for its people and the sightseers of all lands seems incomprehensible except as a result of the nation's engrossment in war.

Why wipe dishes when, if left alone, they will dry themselves? So reasons a manufacturer who has introduced a dish-drying rack to be suspended above the kitchen sink. Individual space is provided for each piece of china, to lessen the danger of breakage. In ten minutes after washing the dishes, the housewife returns from other duties and finds her dishes ready to put away.

More than one-half of the automobiles in Ohio are said to be owned by farmers. In the recent State fair at Columbus 40,000 squa feet of floor space was devoted to this line o "farm necessity, convenience, and pleasure."

"In Worth's," a writer in "To-Day's" says in an account of present-day conditions in Paris "I met the head of this world-famed dressmaking house with his hands full of bandages and surgical dressings." M. Worth has made over par of his establishment in the Rue de la Paix into a hospital. But, says the writer, most of the famous dressmakers of Paris are determined to maintain their prestige as the arbiters of fashion and many of them are keeping their places open and continuing to create beautiful designs fo women's clothes.

A subscriber asks for information about the origin of the use of the gavel by presiding officers of legislative assemblies. The word in this sense seems to be an Americanism, being defined as such by Bartlett, Bryce, and other authorities. The legislative gavel is probably borrowed from the Freemasons, who got it from the stonemason; his gavel is a hammer with a sharp edge, used in shaping stone. It therefore well symbolizes discipline, restraint, and the bringing of order out of chaos.

Curiously, the Oxford English Dictionary, which summarizes the history of words in its illustrative quotations, finds the earliest use of "gavel" as a presiding officer's tool to have been in 1860. Yet in the New York Public Library are several numbers of an American magazine published in 1844 entitled "The Gavel," devoted to Masonic interests.

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